HUDIBR

THE FIRST PAR

Written in the time of the late WAR

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HUDIBRAS.

THE ARGUMENT OF THE FIRST CANTO.

Sir, Hudibras *his passing worth,*
The manner how he sally'd forth:
His Arms and Equipage are shown:
His Horse's Vertues, and his own:
Th' Adventure of the Bear *and* Fiddle
Is sung, but breaks off in the middle.

CANTO. I.

WHen *Civil Dudgeon* first grew high,
And men fell out they knew not [illegible]
When hard words *Jeloufies*, and *Fears*,
Set Folks together by the ears,
And made them fight, like mad, or drunk,
For Dame *Religion*, as for Punk,

Whose honesty they all durst swear for,
Though not a man of them knew wherefore:
When *Gospel Trumpeter*, surrounded,
With long ear'd rout, to *Battel* sounded,
And Pulpit, Drum Ecclesiastick,
Was beat with first instead of a stick:
Then did Sir *Knight* abandon dwelling,
And out he rode Collonelling.

A Wight he was, whose very sight wou'd
Entitle him *Mirrour of Knighthood*:
That never bow'd his stubborn knee,
To any thing but Chivalry,
Nor put up blow, but that which laid
Right Worshipful on shoulder blade:
Chief of Domestick Knights, and Errant,
Either for Cattel, or for Warrant;
Great on the Bench, Great in the Saddle,
That could as well bind o're, as swaddle;
Mighty he was at both of these,
And styl'd of *War* as well as *Peace*.
(So some Rats of amphibious nature,
Are either for the Land or Water.)
But here our Authors make a doubt,
Whether we were more wise or stout.
Some hold the one, and some the other;
But howsoe're they make a pother,

The difference was so small, his Brain
Outweigh'd his rage but half a grain:
VVhich made some take him for a Tool
That Knaves do work with, call'd a Fool.
For't has been held by many, that
As *Mountaigne*, playing with his Cat,
Complains she thought him but an Asse,
Much more she would *Sir Hudibras*.
But they'r mistaken very much,
'Tis plain enough he was no such,
VVe grant, although he had much wit,
H' was very shie of using it,
As being loath to wear it out,
And therefore wore it not about,
Unless on Holy-days, or so,
As men their best apparel do.
Beside, 'tis known he could speak *Greek*,
As naturally as Pigs squeek:
That *Latin* was no more difficile,
Then to a Blackbird 'tis to whistle.
Being rich in both, he never scanted
His bounty unto such as wanted,
But much of either would afford
To many that had not one word.
For *Hebrew Roots*, although th'are found
To flourish most in barren ground,
He had such plenty, as suffic'd
To make some think him circumcis'd:

And truly so he was perhaps,
Not a *Proselyte*, but for *Claps*.

He was in *Logick* a great Critick,
Profoundly skill'd in Analitick,
He could distinguish, and divide
A hair 'twixt South and South-west side;
On either which he would dispute,
Confute, change hands, and still confute.
He'd undertake to prove by force
Of Argument, a Man's no Horse.
He'd prove a Buzzard is no fowl,
And that a *Lord* may be an Owl;
A Calf an *Alderman*, a *Goose a Justice*,
And Rooks *Committee-men*, and *Trustees*.
He'd run in debt by Disputation:
And pay with Ratiocination,
All this by Syllogism, true
In mood and figure he would do.

For *Rhetorick*, he could not ope
His mouth, but out there flew a Trope;
And when he happen'd to break off
I'th middle of his speech, or cough,
H'had hard words ready, to shew why,
And tell what Rules he did it by,
Else, when with greatest *Art* he spoke,
You'd think he talk'd like other folks.

But when he pleas'd to shew't, his speech
In loftiness of sound was rich,
A *Babylonish* Dialect
Which learned Pedants much affect,
It was a parti-colour'd dress
Of patch'd and pyball'd Languages,
'Twas *English* cut on *Greek* and *Latine*,
Like Fustian heretofore on Satin.

It had an odd promiscuous tone,
As if h' had talk'd three parts in one,
Which made some think, when he did gabble,
Th' had heard three Labourers of *Babel*,
Or *Cerberus* himself pronounce
A Leash of Languages at once.
This he as volubly would vent,
As if his stock would ne're be spent.
And truly, to support that charge,
He had supplies as vast and large.
For he could coyn, or counterfeit
New words, with little, or no wit;
Words so debas'd, and hard, no stone
Was hard enough to touch them on.
And when with hasty noise he spoke 'em,
The Ignorant for current took 'em.

In *Mathematicks* he was greater
Than *Tycho Brahe*, or *Erra Pater*:

For he by *Geometrick* Scale,
Could take the size of *Pots of Ale*;
Resolve by *Sines* and *Tangets* straight,
If *bread* or *butter* wanted weight;
And wisely tell what hour o'th day
The Clock doth strike, by *Algebra*.
Beside he was a shrewd *Phylosopher*,
And had read every *Text*, and gloss over:
What every *Sceptick* could inquiet for;
For every *Why*, he had a *Wherefore*;
Knew more then forty of them do,
As far as words and tearms could go,
All which he understood by Rote,
And, as occasion serv'd, would quote;
No matter whether right or wrong;
They might be either said or sung,
His *Notions* fitted things so well,
That which was which he could not tell;
But oftentimes mistook the one
For th' other, as great Clerks have done.
He'd tell where Entity, and Quiddity,
The Ghosts of defunct bodies, flie,
Where truth in Persons does appear,
Like words congeal'd in Northern Air.
He knew *what's what*, and thats as high
As *Metaphysick* Wit can flie,
In *School-Divinity* as able
As he that hight *Irrefragable*;

A second *Thomas*, or, at once
To name them all, another *Dunce*.
For he a Rope of sand could twist,
As cunningly, learned *Sarbonist*,
And weave fine Cobwebs, fit for skull
That's empty when the Moon is full;
Such as take lodgings in a Head,
That's to be let unfurnished.
He could raise scruples dark and nice,
And after solve 'em in a trice;
As if Divinity had catch'd
The Itch of purpose to be scratch'd:
Or, like a Mountebank, did wound
And stab herself with doubts profound,
Onely to shew with how small pain
The sores of faith are cur'd again;
Although by woful proof we find,
They always leave a scar behind.
He knew the seat of Paradise,
Could tell in what degree it lies:
What *Adam* dreamt of when his bride
Came from her Closet in her side:
Whether the Devil tempted her
By a *High Dutch* Interpreter:
If either of them had a Navel;
Who first made Musick malleable:
Whether the Serpent, at the Fall,
Had cloven feet, or none at all.

All

All this, without a Gloss or Comment,
He would unriddle in a moment
In proper terms, such as men smatter,
When they throw out and miss the matter.

For his *Religion* it was fit
To match his Learning and his Wit:
'Twas *Presbyterian* true blew,
For he was of that stubborn Crew
Of Errant Saints, whom all men grant
To be the true Church *Militant*,
Such as do build their Faith upon
The holy *Text* of *Pike* and *Gun*;
Decide all Controversies by
Infallible *Artillery*;
And prove their Doctrine *Orthodox*
By *Apostolick Blows* and *Knocks*,
Call fire and Sword, and *Dissolation*
A *Godly-thorough Reformation*,
Which alwayes must be carry'd on,
And still be doing, never done;
As if Religion were intended
For nothing else but to be mended.

A Sect, whose chief Devotion lies
In odde perverse Antipathies;
In falling out with that or this,
And finding something still amiss:

More

More peevish, crosse, and splenetick,
Then Dog distract, or Monky sick:
That with more care keep holy-day
The wrong, then others the right way;
Still so perverse and opposite,
As if they VVorship'd God for spight,
The self-same thing they will abhor
One way, and long another for.
Free-will they one way disavow,
Another, nothing else allow,
All Piety consists therein
In them, in other men all Sin.

Rather then failе, they will desie
That which they love most tenderly;
Quarrel with *mine'd Pyes* and disparage
Their best and dearest friend, *Plum-Porridge*;
Fat *Pig* and *Goose* itself oppose,
And blaspheme *Custard* through the *Nose*.
Th' Apostles of this fierce Religion,
Like *Mahomet's* were Asse and VVigeon,
To whom our Knight by fast inſtinct
Of wit and temper was so linkt,
As if Hypocriſie and non-ſenſe,
Had got the *Advowſon* of his Conſcience.

Thus was he gifted and accoutr'd,
We mean on th'inſide, not the outward:

Thus

The next of all we shall discuss;
Then listen *Sirs*, It followeth thus.

His tawny *Beard* was th'equal grace
Both of his wisdom and his face;
In Cut and Dy so like a tile,
A sudden view it would beguile:
The upper part thereof was VVney,
The nether Oringe mixt with Gray.

This hairy Meteor did denounce
The fall of *Septers* and of Crowns;
VVith grizly type did represent
Declining Age of Government;
And till with Hieroglyphick *Spade*,
Its own grave and the star's were made.
Like *Sampson's* Heart-breakers, it grew
In time to make a Nation rue;
Though it contributed its own fall,
To wait upon the publick downfal.
It was Monastick and did grow
In holy Orders, by strict vow;
Of Rule as sullen and severe,
As that of riged *Cordeliere*.
'Twas bound to suffer persecution
And Martyrdome with rosolution,
T' oppose it self against the hint
And vengeance of th'innocent,

In whose defence it was worn,
Still ready to be pull'd and torn,
With red-hot Irons to be scorpur'd,
Revil'd and spit upon, and mawr'd;
Maugre all which, 'twas to stand fast,
As long as Monarchy should last,
But when the State should hap to reel,
'Twas to submit to fatal steel,
And fall as it was consecrate
A sacrifice to fall of State,
Whose thred of life the fatal Sisters
Did twist together with its whiskers,
And twine so close, that time should never
In life or death their fortunes sever:
But with his crusty sickle mow
Both down together at a blow.
So learned *Taliacotius* from
The brawny part of Porter's bum,
Cut supplemental Noses, which
Would last as long as Patent breech;
But when the Date of *Nock* was out,
Off dropt the Sympathetick Snout.
His Back, or rather Burthen, show'd
As if it stoop'd with its own load,
For as *Æneas* bore his Sire
Upon his shoulders through the fire:

Our Knight did bear no less a Packe
Of his one Buttocks on his backe,
Which now hath almost got the upper
Hand of his Head, for want of Crupper.
To poize this equally, he bore
A *Paunch* of the same bulk before:
Which still he had a special care
To keep well cramm'd with thrifty fare;
As White-pot, Butter-milk, and Curds,
Such as a Country house affords;
With other Victuals, which anon
We further shall dilate upon,
VVhen of his Hose we come to treat,
The Cup-bord where he kept his meat.

His *Doublet* was of sturdy Buff,
And though not Sword-yet Cudgel proof;
VVhereby 'twas fitter for his use,
That fear'd no blows but such as bruise.

His *Breeches* were of ragged VVollen,
And had been at the siege of *Bullen*,
To old King *Henry* so well known,
Some VVriters held they were his own,
Through they were lin'd with many a piece
Of Ammunition Bread and Cheese,
And fat black Puddings, proper food
For VVariers that delight in blood.

For

For, as we said, He alwayes chose
To carry Vittle to his hose,
And though Knights Errant as some think,
Of old did neither eat nor drink,
Because when through desarts vast
And Regions desolate they past,
Where belly-timber above ground
Or under was not to be found,
Unless they graz'd, there's not one word
Of their Provision on Record;
Which made some confidently write,
They had no stomaks but to fight.
'Tis false: For *Arthur* wore in Hall,
Round table like a Farthingal,
On which, with shirt pull'd out behind;
And eke before, his good Knights din'd,
Though 'twas no *Table*, some suppose,
But a huge pair of round *Trunk-hose*;
In which he carried as much meat
As he and all the Knights could eat,
When laying by their swords and truncheons,
They took their Breakfasts and their Nunchons.
But let that pass at present, lest
We should forget where we digrest;
As learned Authors use, to whom
We leave it, and to the purpose come.
His puissant *Sword* unto his side
Near his undaunted heart was ty'd,

With

It was a serviceable Dudgeon,
Either for fighting, or for drudging,
When it had stabb'd or broke a head,
It would scrape Trenchers, or chip Bread,
Toast Cheese, or Bacon, though it were
To bait a Mouse-trap, 'twould not care,
'Twould make clean shooes, and in the Earth
Set Leeks and Onions, and so forth.
It had been Prentice to a Brewer,
Where this, and more it did endure,
But left the Trade, as many more
Have lately done on the same score.

In th'Holsters at his Saddle-bow,
Two aged *Pistols* he did stow,
Among the surplus of such meat,
As in his Hose he could not get.
These would inveigle Rats with th'scent
To forrage when the Cocks were bent,
And sometime catch'm with a snap,
As cleverly as the ablest trap.
They were upon hand Duty still,
And every night stood Centinel,
To guard the Magazine i'th Hole,
From two-legg'd, and from four-legg'd Foes.

Thus clad and fortifi'd, Sir Knight,
From peaceful home set forth to fight.

But first with nimble active force,
He got on th' outside of his *Horse*.
For having but one stirrup ty'd
This Saddle, on the further side,
It was so short, h'had much ado
To reach it with his disperate toe,
But after many strains and heaves,
He got up to the Saddle eaves.
From whence he vaulted into th'seat
With so much vigour, strength, and heat,
That he had almost tumbled over,
With his own weight, but did recover,
By laying hold on Tail and Mane,
Which oft he us'd instead of Reyn.

But now we talk of mounting Steed,
Before we further do proceed,
It doth behove us to say something,
Of that which bore our valiant *Bumkin*.

The Beast was sturdy, large, and tall,
With mouth of meal, and eyes of wall;
I would say eye, for h'had but one.
As most agree, though some say none.
He was well stay'd, and in his Gate
Preserv'd a grave, majestick state.
At spur or switch no more he skipt,
Or mended pace, than *Spaniard* whipt:

And yet so fiery, he would bound,
As if he griev'd to touch the ground:
That *Cesar*'s Horse, who, as fame goes,
Had Corns upon his feet and toes,
Was not by half so tender hoofed,
Nor trod upon the ground so soft.
And as that beast would kneel and stoop,
(Some write) to take his Rider up:
So *Hudibras* his ('tis well known)
Would often do, to set him down

We shall not need to say what Jack
Of Leather was upon his back:
For that was hidden under Pad.
And breech of Knight, gall'd full as bad,
His strutting ribs on both sides show'd
Like Furrows he himself had plow'd:
For underneath the skirt of Pannel,
Twixt every two there was a channel.
His dragling tail hung in the dirt,
Which on his Rider he would flurt
Still as his tender side he prickt
With arm'd heel, or with unarm'd kickt:
For *Hudibras* wore but one spur,
As wisely knowing, could he stir
To active trot one side of's Horse,
The other would not hang an-arse.

A *Squire* he had whose name was *Ralph*,
That in the Adventure went his half.
(Though Writers, for more stately tone,
Do call him *Ralpho* 'tis all one:
And when we came with Meeter safe,
We'l call him so, if not, plain *Ralph*,
For Rhyme the Rudder is of Verses,
With which, like Ships they steer their course.
An equal stock of Wit and Valour
He had laid in, by birth a Taylor.
The mighty *Tyrian* Queen that gain'd
With subtle shreds a tract of Land,
Did leave it with a Castle fair,
To his great Ancestor, her heir:
From him descended cross-legg'd Knights,
Fam'd for their faith, and warlike fights
Against the bloody Canibal,
Whom they destroy'd both great and small.
This sturdy Squire had as well
As the bold *Trojan* Knight, seen Hell,
Not with a counterfeited Pass
Of golden bough, but true gold-lace.
His *Knowledge* was not far behind
The Knight's, but of another kind,
And he another way came by't:
Some call it *Gifts*; and some *New Light*,
A Liberal Art, that costs no pains
Of study, industry, or brains.

His wits were sent him for a Token,
But in the Carriage crackt and broken,
Like Commendation Nine-pence, crookt
With to and from my Love, it lookt.
He ne're consider'd it, as loath
To look a gift-horse in the mouth;
And very wisely would lay forth
No more upon it then 'twas worth.
But as he got it freely, so
He spent it frank and freely too.
For Saints themselves will sometimes be
Of Gifts that cost them nothing free.
By means of this, with *hem* and *cough*,
Prolongers to enlightned Snuff,
He could deep Mysteries unriddle,
As easily as thread a Needle:
For as Vagabonds we say,
That they are ne're beside their way:
What e're men speak by this *new Light*,
Still they are sure to be i'th' right.
'Tis a *dark Lanthorn* of the Spirit,
Which none see by but those that bear it;
A Light that falls down from on high,
For Spiritual Trades to couzen by:
An *Ignis Fatuus*, that bewitches,
And leads men into Pools and Ditches,
To make them *dip* themselves, and found
For Christendom in Dirty pond;

To dive like Wild-fowle for Salvation,
And fish to catch Regeneration.
This Light inspires, and playes upon
The noise of Saint-like bag-pipe-drone,
And speaks through hallow empty soul,
As through a Trunk, or whispering hole,
Such language as no mortal ear
But Spiritual Eaves-droppers can hear.
So *Phœbus* or some friendly Muse
Into small Poets Song infuse;
Which they at second hand rehearse
Through reed or bag pipe, verse for verse.

Thus *Ralph* became infallible,
As three or four legg'd Oracle.
The Antient Cup, or modern Chair;
Spoke truth point-blank, though unaware;
For mystick Learning, wondrous able,
In Magick, *Talisman* and *Cabal*,
Whose Primitive tradition reaches
As far as *Adam*'s first green breeches:
Deep-sighted in Intelligences,
Idea's, Atomes, Influences;
And much of *Terra Incognita*;
Th'Intelligible world could say:
A deep occult Phylosopher,
As learn'd as the *Wild Irish* are,

Or Sir *Agrippa*; for profound
And ſolid Lying much renown'd:
He *Anthroposophus*, and *Floud*,
And *Jacob Behmen* underſtood;
Knew many an Emulet and Charm;
That would do neither good nor harm:
In *Roſy-Crucian* Lore as Learned,
As he that *Vere adeptus* earned.
He underſtood the ſpeech of Birds,
As well as they themſelves do words:
Could tell what ſubtleſt *Parrots* mean,
That ſpeak and think contrary clean;
What *Member* 'tis of whom they talk,
When they cry *Rope*, and *Walk*, *Knave*, *Walk*,
He'd extract numbers out of matter;
And keep them in a Glaſs, like water;
Of Sov'raign pow'r to make men wiſe;
For dropt in blere, thick-ſighted eyes,
They'd make them ſee in darkeſt night,
Like Owles, though pur-blind in the light.
By help of theſe (as he profeſt)
He had *Firſt Matter* ſeen undreſt:
He took her naked all alone,
Before one Rag of *Form* was on.
The *Chaos* too he hath deſcry'd,
And ſeen quite through, or elſe he ly'd:
Not that of Paſt-board which men ſhew
For Groats at *Fair of Bartholomew*;

But it's great Grandfire, first o'th' name,
Whence that and *Reformation* came:
Both Cousin-germans, and right able
T'inveagle and draw in the Rabble.
But *Reformation* was some say,
O'th' younger house to *Puppet-play*.
He could fore-tell whatsoever was
By consequence to come to pass.
As death of Great men, Alterations,
Diseases, Battels, Inundations.
All this without th' eclipse of Sun,
Or dreadful Comet, he hath done,
By inward light, a way as good,
And easie to be understood.
But with more lucky hit then those
That use to make the Stars depose,
Like Knights o'th' Post, and falsly charge
Upon themselves what others forge:
As if they were consenting to
All Mischief in the World men do;
Or like the Dev'l did tempt and sway 'em
To Roguries and then betray 'em.
They'l search a Planets house, to know
Who broke and robb'd a house below:
Examine *Venus* and the *Moon*,
who stole a thimble, or a spoon:
And though they nothing will confess,
Yet by their looks can guess,

And tell what guilty Aſpect bodes,
Who ſtole, and who receiv'd the goods.
They'l queſtion *Mars*, and by his look
Detect who 'twas that nimb'd a Cloke:
Make *Mercury* confeſs and peach,
Thoſe thieves which he himſelf did teach.
They'l find i'th Phyſiognomies,
O'th' all mens deſtinies:
Like him that took the Doctor's Bill,
And ſwallowed it inſtead o'th' Pill.
Caſt the nativity of the Queſtion,
And from poſitions to be queſtion,
As ſure as if they knew the moment
Of Natives birth, tell what will come on't.
They'l feel the Pulſes of the Stars,
To find out Agues, Coughs, Catarrhs;
And tell what *Criſis* does divine,
The Rot in Sheep, or Mange in Swine:
In Men what gives or cure the Itch,
What makes them Cuckolds, poor or rich:
What gaines or loſes, hangs or ſaves;
What makes men great, what fools or knaves;
But not what wiſe, for only of thoſe
The Stars (they ſay) cannot diſpoſe,
No more then can the Aſtrologians.
There they ſay right, and like true *Trojans*
This *Ralpho* knew and therefore took,
The other courſe of which we ſpoke.

Thus

Thus was the accompliſh'd Squire endu'd
With Gifts and Knowledge perſ'rous ſhrewd.
Never did truſty Squire with Knight,
Or Knight with Squire jump more right.
Their Arms and Equipage did fit,
As well as vertues, parts, and wit.
Their Valours too were of a Rate,
And out they ſayl'd at the Gate,
Few miles on horſe-back had they jogged,
But fortune unto them turn'd dogged.
For they a ſad adventure met,
Of which anon we mean to treat:
But e're we venture to unfold
Atchievements ſo reſolv'd and bold,
We ſhould, as learned Poets uſe,
Invoke th'aſſiſtance of ſome *Muſe*:
However Creticks count it fillier
Then Juglers talking too Familiar.
We think 'tis no great matter which:
They're all alike; yet we ſhall pitch
On one that fits our purpoſe moſt.
Whom therefore thus we do accoſt.

Thou that with Ale, or viler liquors,
Didſt inſpire *Withers*, *Pryn*, and *Vickars*;
And force them, though it were in ſpight
Of nature and their ſtars to write;

Who

Who as we find in ſullen Writs,
And croſs-grain'd works of modern writs,
With vanity, opinion, want,
The wonder of the Ignorant,
The praiſes of the Author, penn'd
By himſelf, or wit-inſuring friend,
The Itch of Picture in the Front,
With bayes, and with Rhyme upon't,
All that is left o'th forked Hill
To make men ſcribble without skill,
Canſt make a Poet, ſpight of fate,
And teach all people to tranſlate,
Though out of Languages in which
They underſtand no part of ſpeech:
Aſſiſt me but this once, I'mplore,
And I ſhall trouble thee no more.

In Weſtern Clime there is in *Town*
To thoſe that dwell therein well known;
Therefore there needs no more be ſed here,
We unto them refer our Reader:
For brevity is very good.
When w'are, or are not underſtood.
To this *Town* people did repair
On days of Market, or of Fair,
And to crack'd Fiddle, and hoarſe Tabor
In meriment did drudge and labour;

But now a ſport more formidable,
Had rak'd together Village Rabble.
'Twas an old way of Recreating,
Which Learned *Butchers* call *Bear-baiting*:
A bold adventrous exerciſe,
With Antient *Hero's* in high prize;
For Authors do affirm it came
From *Ithmian* or *Nemean* game,
Others derive it from the *Bear*
That's fixt in Nothern Hemiſphere,
And round about the Pole does make
A circle, like a Bear at ſtake,
That at the Chain's end wheels about,
And overturns the Rabble rout.
For after ſolemn proclamation
In the Bear's name (as is in faſhion,
According to the Law of Arms,
To keep men from inglorious harms)
That none preſume to come ſo near
As forey foot of ſtake of Bear;
If any yet be ſo fool-hardy,
'Texpoſe themſelves to vain Jeopardy;
If they come wounded off and lame,
No honours got but ſuch a maim,
Although the Bear gain much, being bound
In honour to make good his ground,
When he's engag'd, and take no notice,
If any preſs upon him, who 'tis,

But let them know, at their own cost,
That he intends to keep his post.
This to prevent, and other harms,
Which always waits on fear of Arms
(For in the hurry of a Fray,
'Tis hard to keep out of harm's way)
Thither the *Knight* his course did steer,
To keep the peace betwixt *Dogg* and *Bear*;
As he believ'd was bound to do,
In Conscience, and Commission too.
And therefore thus bespoke the Squire,
We that are wisely mounted higher
Than Constables, in Curule wir,
When on tribunal bench we sit,
Like Speculators, should foresee,
From *Pharos* of Authority,
Portended Mischiefs farther then
Low Proletarian Tithing-men.
And therefore, being inform'd by bruit,
That *Dogg* and *Bear* are to dispute;
For so of late men fighting name,
Because they often prove the same;
(For where the first does hap to be,
The last does *coincidere*)
Quantum in nobis, have thought good,
To save th'expence of Christian blood,

And

And try if we by meditation
Of treaty and accommodation
Can end the Quarrel, and compose
The bloody Duel without blows.
Are not our Liberties, our Lives,
The Laws, Religion, and our Wives,
Enough at once to lay at stake,
For *Covenant*, and the *Cause*s sake;
But in that quarrel *Dogs* and *Bears*,
As well as we must venture theirs?
This feud by *Jesuits* invented,
By *Evil Counsel* is fomented.
There is a *Machiavillian* Plot,
(Though ev'ry *nare olfacit* it not)
A deep design in't, to divide
The well-affected, that confide,
By setting brother against brother,
To claw and curry one another.
Have we not Enemies *plus satis*,
That *Cane & angue pejus* hate us?
And shall we turn our fangs and claws
Upon our own selves, without cause?
That some occult design doth lye,
In bloody *Cynarctomachy*,
Is plain enough to him that knows
How Saints lead brothers by the nose.
I wish my self a Pseudo-Prophet,
But sure some mischief will come of it:

Unless

Unleſs by providential wit,
Or force we averruncate it.
For what deſign, what intereſt
Can Beaſt have to encounter Beaſt?
They fight for no eſpouſed *Cauſe*,
Frail *Priviledge*, *Fundamental Laws*;
Nor for a *thorough Reformation*,
Nor *Covenant*, nor *Proteſtation*;
Nor for free *Liberty of Conſcience*;
Nor Lords and Commons *Ordinances*;
Nor for the *Church*, nor for *Church-Lands*,
To get them in thier own no hands;
Nor *Evil Counſellors* to bring
To Juſtice, that ſeduce the King;
Nor for the worſhip of us men,
Though we have done as much for them,
Th'*Ægyptians* worſhipp'd *Dogs*, and for
Their faith made internecine war.
Others ador'd a *Rat*, and ſome
For that Church ſuffer'd Martyrdom.
The *Indians* fought for the truth
Of th'*Elephant*, and *Monkey*'s tooth:
And many to defend that faith,
Fought it out *Mordicus* to death.
But no Beaſt ever was ſo ſlight,
For man, as for his God, to fight;
They have more wit, alas! and know
Themſelves, and us better than ſo.

But

But we, who onely do infuse
The rage in them like *Bonte-feus*.
'Tis our example that infills
In them th'infection of our ills.
For, as some late Philosophers
Have well observ'd, Beasts that converse
With Man, take after him, as Hoggs,
Get Piggs all th'year, and Bitches Doggs.
Just so by our example Cattel
Learn to give one another battel.
We read in *Nero's* time, the heathen,
When they destroy'd the *Christian brethren*,
They sow'd them in the skins of Bears,
And then set Doggs about their ears:
From whence no doubt, th'invention came
Of this lewd Antichristian Game.
To this, quoth *Ralpho*, Verily,
The point seems very plain to me.
It is an Antichristian Game,
Unlawful both in thing and name.
First for the *Name*. The word *Bear-baiting*
Is carnal, and of man's creating:
For certainly there's no such word
In all the *Scripture* on Record.
Therefore unlawful and a sin,
And so is (secondly) the *thing*.
A vile *Assembly* 'tis, that can
No more be prov'd by *Scripture* than

Provincial, Classick, National;
Mere humane Creature, cobwebs all.
Thirdly, it is Idolatrous.
For when men run a whoring thus
With their Inventions, whatsoe're
The thing be, whether *Dog* or *Bear*,
It is Idolatrous and Pagon,
No less then worshipping of *Dagon*.

Quoth *Hudibras*, I smell a *Rat*;
Ralpho, thou dost prevaricate,
For though the *Thesis* which thou lay'st
Be true *ad amussim* as thou say'st:
(For that *Bear-baiting* should appear
Jure Divino lawfuller
Then *Synods* are, thou dost deny,
Totidem verbis so do I.)
Yet there's a fallacy in this:
For if by sly *Homœosis*,
Tussis pro crepitu, an Art
Under a Cough to slur a Fart)
Thou wouldst Sophistically imply
Both are unlawful, I deny.

And I (quoth *Ralpho*) do not doubt
But *Bear-baiting* may be made out
In Gospel-times, as lawful as is
Provincial or *Parochial Classis*:
And that both are so near of kin,
And like in all, as well as sin,

That put them in a bag and ſhake 'em,
Your ſelf o'th' ſudden would miſtake 'em,
And not know which is which, unleſs
You meaſure by their wickedneſs:
For 'tis not hard t'imagine whether
O'th'two is weſt, though I name neither.

Quoth *Hudibras*, thou offer'ſt much,
But art not able to keep touch.
Mira de lente, as 'tis i'th' Adage,
Id eſt to make a Leek a Cabbage.
Thou wilt at beſt but *ſuch a Bull*,
Or *Shear Swine*, *All Cry*, *and no Wooll*.
For what can *Synods* have at all
With *Bears* that's analogical?
Or what relation has debating
Of Church-affairs with *Bear-baiting*?
A juſt compariſon ſtill is,
Of things *ejuſdem generis*.
And then what *Genus* rightly doth
Compr'hend them *incluſive* both?
If *Animal* both of us may
As likewiſe paſs for Bears as they.
For we are Animals no leſs.
Although of different *Speciefes*
But *Ralpho*, this is no fit place
Nor time to argue out the Caſe:
For now the field is not far off,
Where we muſt give the world a proof

Of Deeds, not Words, and such a suit
Another manner of Dispute.
A Controversie that affords
Actions for Arguments, not Words:
Which we must manage at a rate
Of Prowess and Conduct adæquate,
To what our place and fame doth promise,
And all the *Godly* expect from us.
Nor shall they be deceiv'd, unless,
W'are slurr'd and outed by success:
Success the mark no mortal wit,
Or surest hand can alwayes hit:
For whatsoe're we perpetrate,
We do but row, w'are steer'd by fate,
Which in success oft disinherits,
For spurious causes, noblest merits.
Great Actions are not always true sons
Of great and mighty Resolutions:
Nor do the bold'st attempts bring forth
Event, still equal to their worth;
But sometimes fail and in their stead
Fortune and Cowerdise succeed.
Yet we have no great cause to doubt,
Our Actions still have born us out.
Which though th'are known to be so ample,
We need not copy from example,
We're not the only person durst,
Attempt this Province, nor the first.
In Nothern Clime a val'rous Knight
Did whilom kill his Bear in fight,

And wound a Fidler: we have both
Of these the objects of our wroth,
And equal fame and glory from
Th' Attempt or Victory to come.
'Tis sung, there is a valiant *Mamaluke*
In forraign Land, yclep'd——
To whom we have been oft compar'd,
For Person, Parts, Address, and Beard;
Both equally reputed stout,
And in the same cause both have fought.
He oft in such attempts as these
Came off with glory and success.
Nor will we fail in th' execution,
For want of equal Resolution.
Honour is like a Widow, won
With brisk Attempt and putting on;
With entring manfully, and urging;
Not slow approaches, like a Virgin.
This said, as yerst the *Phrygian* Knight,
So ours with rusty steel did smite
His *Trojan* Horse, and just as much
He mended pace upon the touch;
But from his empty stomack groan'd,
Just as that hallow beast did sound,
And angry answer'd from behind,
With brandish'd *Tail* and blast of wind.
So have I seen with armed heel,
A weight bestride a *Common-weal*;
While still the more he kick'd and spur'd,
The less the sullen Jade has stirr'd.

THE ARGUMENT OF THE SECOND CANTO.

The Catalogue and Character
Of th' Enemy's best men of War;
To whom the Knight *does make a speech*
And they defile him: after which
He fights with Talgol, *routs the* Bear,
And takes the Fidler *Prisoner;*
Conveys him to enchanted Castle,
There shuts him fast in Wooden Bastile.

CANTO II.

THere was an antient sage *Philosopher*,
That had read *Alexander Ross* over,
And swore the world as he could prove
Was made of Fighting and of Love:
Just so *Romances* are, for what else
Is in them all, but *love* and *battels?*
O'th'first of these w'have no great matter
To treat of, but a world o'th'latter:
In which to do the injur'd Right
We mean, in what concerns just fight.
Certes our *Authors* are to blame,
For to make some well sounding name.

A Patern fit for moddren Knights,
To copy out in Frays and Fights,
(Like those that a whole ſtreet do raze,
To build a Palace in the place.)
They never care how many others
They kill without regard of mothers.
Or wives, or children, ſo they can
Make up ſome fierce, dead-doing man,
Compos'd of many ingredient Valours,
Juſt like the man-hood of nine taylors.
So a wild *Tartar* when he ſpies
A man that's handſome, valiant, wiſe,
If he can kill him, thinks t'inherit
His wit, his beauty, and his ſpirit:
As if juſt ſo much he enjoy'd
as in a nother is deſtroy'd;
For when a Gyant's ſlain in fight,
And mow'd ore thwhart, or cleft downright.
It is a heavy caſe, no doubt,
A man ſhould have his brains beat out,
Becauſe he's tall, and has large bones;
As men kill Beavers for their ſtones,
But as for our part, we ſhall tell
The naked truth of what befel;
And as an equal friend to both
The Knight and Bear, but more to troth,
With neither faction ſhall take part,
But give to each his due deſert:
And never coyn a formal lye on't
To make the *Knight* o'recome the *Giant*.

This b'ing profeſt, we hope's enough,
And now go on where we left off.

They rode, but Authors having not
Determin'd whether pace or trot,
(That is to ſay, whether *Tollutation*,
As they do tearm't, or *Succuſation*)
We leave it, and go on, as now
Suppoſe they did, no matter how.
Yet ſome from ſubtle hints have got
Myſterious light, it was a trot.
But let that paſs; they now begun
To ſpur their living engines on.
For as whipp'd tops, and bandy'd balls,
The Learned hold are Animals;
So Horſes they affirm to be
Meer Engines, made by Geometry,
And were invented firſt from Engins,
As *Indian Britans* were from *Penguins*.
So let him be; and, as I was ſaying,
They their live *Engines ply'd*, not ſtaying
Until they reach'd the fatal Champain,
Which th' Enemy did then incampion,
The Dire *Pharſalian* Plain, where Battel
Was to be wag'd 'twixt puiſſant Cattel,
And fierce Auxiliary men,
That came to aid their Brethren;
Who now began to draw in field,
As Knight from ridge of ſteed beheld.

For as our modern wits behold
Mounted a Pick-back on the Old,
Much further off; much further he
From off his aged beast could see:
Yet not sufficient to descry
All postures of the Enemy.
Wherefore he bids the Squire ride further,
T'observe their numbers, and their order;
That when their motions he had known,
He might know how to fit his own.
Mean while he stopp'd his willing Steed,
To fit himself for martial Deed;
Both kinds of mettle he prepar'd,
Either to give blows, or to ward,
Courage and steel, both of great force,
Prepar'd for better or for worse.
His Death charg'd Pistols he did fit well,
Drawn out from life-preserving vittle
These being prim'd, with force he labour'd
To free Sword from retentive Scabbard;
And after many a painful pluck,
From rusty durance he bayl'd tuck,
Then shook himself, to see that prowess
In Scabband of his Arms sate loose;
And rais'd upon his desperate foot
On stirrup side he gaz'd about,
Portending blood, like blazing Star,
The beacon of approaching War.
Ralpho rode on with no less speed,
Then *Hugo* in the Forrest did;

But with a great deal more return'd,
For now the Foe he had deſcern'd,
Rang'd as to him they did appear,
With *Van*, *main battel*, *Wings* and *Rear*.

In th'head of all his Warlike Rabble,
Crowdero march'd, expert and able:
Inſtead of Trumpet and of Drum,
That makes the Warrier's ſtomack come,
Whoſe noiſe whets Valour ſharp, like beer
By thunder turn'd to vineger,
(For if a Trumpet ſound, or Drum beat,
Who has not a month's mind to combat?)
A ſqueaking Engine he apply'd
Unto his neck, or North-eaſt ſide,
Juſt where the Hangman does diſpoſe
To ſpecial friends the Knot of Nooſe:
For 'tis *great Grace* when *Stateſmen* ſtraight
Diſpatch a friend, let others wait.
His warped *Ear* hung ore the ſtrings,
Which was but *Souce* to *Chitterlings*:
For Guts, ſome write, e're they are ſodden,
Are fit for Muſick, or for Pudden:
From whence men borrow ev'ry kind
Of Minſtrelſy, by ſtring or wind.
His Grizly *beard* was long and thick,
With which he ſtrung his Fiddle-ſtick
For he to horſe-tail ſcorn'd to owe,
For what on his own chin did grow.

Chit-

Chiron, the four-legg'd Bard, had both
A beard and tail of his own growth;
And yet by Authors 'tis aver'd,
He made use only of his beard.
In *Staffordshire*, where Vertuous worth
Does raise the Minstrelsie, not birth:
Where Bulls do chuse the boldest King
And Ruler, o're the men of string;
(As once in *Persia*, 'tis said,
Kings were proclaim'd by a horse that neigh'd.
He bravely ventring at a Crown,
By chance of War was beaten down,
And wounded sore: his Leg then broke,
Had got a Deputy of Oake:
For when a shin in fight is cropt,
The Knee with one of timber's propt;
Esteem'd more honourable then the other,
And takes place, though the younger brother.

Next follow'd *Orsin*, famous for
Wise conduct, and success in War;
A skilful Leader, stout, severe,
New Marshal to the Champion bear,
With Truncheon tipp'd with Iron-head,
The Warrior to the Lists he led;
With solemn march and stately pace,
But far more grave and solemn face:
Grave as the Emperor of *Pegu*,
Or *Spanish* Potentate *Don Diego*.

This

This Leader was of knowledge great,
Either for Charge, or for Retreat.
He knew when to fall on pell-mell,
To fall back, and retreat as well.
So Lawyers, left the *Bear* Defendant,
And Plantiff *Dog*, should make an end on't,
Do ſtave and tail with *Writs of Error*,
Reverſe of Judgment, and *Demurrer*,
To let them breath a while, and then
Cry whoop, and ſet them on agen.
As *Romulus* a Wolf did rear,
So he was dry-nurs'd by a Bear,
That fed him with the purchas'd prey
Of many fierce and bloody fray;
Bred up, where Diſcipline more rare is
In Military *Garden-Paris*.
For Souldiers heretofore did grow
In Gardens, juſt as Weeds do now;
Until ſome ſplay-foot Polititians
T' *Apollo* offer'd up Petitions,
For licencing a new invention
Th'had found out, of an antique engine,
To root out all the Weeds that grow
In publick Garden at a blow,
And leave the Herbs ſtanding. Quoth ſir *Sun*
My friends, that is not to be done.
Not done? quoth Stateſmen; yes, an't pleaſe ye,
When 'tis once known you'l ſay 'tis eaſie.
Why then lets know it, quoth *Apollo*,
We'l beat a Drum, and they'l all follow,

A Drum (quoth *Phœbus*) troth that's true,
A pretty invention, quaint and new,
But though of Voice and inſtrument
We are the undoubted Preſident;
We ſuch loud Muſick do not profeſſe,
The Devil's Maſter of that Office,
Where it muſt paſs, if't be a Drum,
He'l ſign it with *Cler. Parl. Dom. Com.*
To him apply your ſelves, and he
Will ſoon diſpatch you for his fee.
They did ſo, but it prov'd ſo ill,
Th'had better have let them grow there ſtill.
But to reſume what we diſcourſing,
Were on before, that is ſtout *Orſin*:
That which ſo oft by ſundry Writers,
Has been apply'd t'almoſt all fighters,
More juſtly may be aſcrib'd to this,
Then any other Warriour (*viz.*)
None ever acted both parts bolder,
Both of a Chieftain and a Souldier.
He was of great deſcent, and high,
For Splendor and Antiquity,
And from Celeſtial origine
Deriv'd himſelf in a right line.
Not as the ancient *Heroes* did,
Who, that their baſe births might be hid,
(knowing they were of doubtful Gender,
And that they came in at a Windore)
Made *Jupiter* himſelf, and others,
O' th'Gods Gallants to their own Mothers,

To

To get on them a race of Champions,
Of which old *Homer* firſt made *Lampoons.*)
Arctophylex in Northern Sphere
Was his undoubted Anceſtor:
From his great fore-fathers came,
And in all ages bore his name.
Learned he was in Medc'nal lore,
For by his ſide a Pouch he wore
Replete with ſtrange Hermetick Powder,
That wounds nine miles point-blank would
By skilful *Chymiſt* with great coſt (ſolder.
Extracted from a rotten poſt;
But of a heav'nlier influence
Then that which Mountebanks diſpenſe;
Though by *Promethean* fire made,
As they do quack that drive that trade.
For as when ſlovens do amiſs
At others doors by ſtool or piſs,
The Learned write, a ret-hot ſpit,
B'ing prudently apply'd to it,
Will convey miſchief from the Dung
Unto the breech that did the wrong:
So this did healing, and as ſure
As that did miſchief, this would cure.

Thus vertuous *Orſin* was endu'd,
With learning, Conduct, Fortitude,
Incomparable: and as the Prince
Of Poets, *Homer*, ſung long ſince,

A skilful Leech is better far
Then half a hundred men of war:
So he appear'd and by his skill,
No less then Dint of Sword could kill.

The Gallant *Bruin* marcht next him,
With Visage formidably grim,
And rugged as a *Saracen*,
Or *Turk* or *Mahomet's* own kin:
Clad in a Mantle *della Guer*
Of rugh inpenetrable Fur;
And in his nose like *Indian* King,
He wore for ornament a Ring;
About his Neck a three-fold Gorget,
As tough as trebled lethren Target;
Armed, as Heraulds cant, and *langued*,
Or as the vulgar say *sharp-fanged*.
For as the teeth in beasts of Prey
Are Swords, with which they fight in Fray;
So Swords in Men of war are teeth,
Which they do eat their Vittle with.

He was by birth, some Authors write,
A *Russian*, some a *Muscovite*,
And 'mong the *Cossacks* had been bred,
Of whom we in *Diurnals* read,
That serve to fill up pages here,
As with their bodies ditches there.
Scrimansky was his Cousin-german,
With whom he serv'd, and fed on Vermin:

And when they fail'd he'd ſuck his claws,
And quarter himſelf upon his paws.
And though his Country-men, the *Huns*,
Did ſtew their meat between their Bums,
And the Horſes backs o're which they ſtraddle,
And every man eat up his Saddle:
He was not half ſo nice as they,
But eat it raw, when't came in's way.
He had trac'd Countries far and near,
More then *Le Blanc* the Traveller,
Who writes, He eſpous'd in *India*
Of Noble houſe a Lady gay,
And got on her a race of Worthies,
As ſtout as any upon earth is.
Full many a fight for him between
Talgol and *Orſin* oft had been;
Each ſtriving to deſerve the Crown
Of a ſav'd Citizen: the one
To guard his Bear, the other fought
To aid his Dog; both made more ſtout
By ſev'ral ſpurs of Neighbourhood,
Church-fellow-membership, and blood;
But *Talgol*, mortal foe to Cows,
Never got ought of him but blows;
Blows hard and heavy ſuch as he
Had lent, repay'd with Uſury.

Yet *Talgol* was of Courage ſtout,
And vanquiſh'd oftner then he fought

Inur'd

Inur'd to labour, sweat, and toyle,
And like a Champion, shone with Oyl
Right many a *Widdow* his keen blade,
And many Fatherless had made.
He many a *Boar* and huge *Dune Cow*
Did like another *Guy*, o'rethrow.
But *Guy* with him in fight compar'd,
Had like the *Boar* or Dun Cow far'd
With greater Troops of Sheep h' had fought
Then *Ajax*, or bold *Don Quixot*:
And many a Serpent of fell kind,
With wings before and stings behind,
Subdu'd: as Poets say, long agon
Bold Sir *George*, St. *George* did the *Dragon*.
Nor Engine, nor Device Polemick,
Disease, nor Doctor Epidimick,
Though stor'd with Delectary Med'cines,
(Which whosoever took is dead since)
E're sent so vast a Colony
To both the under worlds as he.
For he was of that noble Trade
That *Demi Gods* and *Heroes* made,
Slaughter and knocking on the head;
The Trade to which they all were bred;
And is, like others, glorious when
'Tis great and large, but base if mean.
The former rides in Triumph for it;
The latter in a two wheel'd Chariot,
For daring to profane a thing
So sacred, with vile bungling

Next

Next these the brave *Magnano* came,
Magnano great in martial fame.
Yet when with *Orsin* hewag'd fight,
'Tis sung he got but little by't.
Yet he was fierce as forrest Bore,
Whose spoils upon his back he wore,
As thick as *Ajax* sev'n-fold Shield,
Which o're his brazen arms he held;
But brass was feeble to resist
The fury of his armed fist.
Nor could the hardest Iron hold out
Against his blows, but they would through't.

In *Magick* he was deeply read?
As he that made the *brazen-head*;
Profoundly skill'd in the black Art,
As *English Merlin* for his heart:
But far more skilful in the Spheres,
Than he was at the Sieve and Shears.
He could transform himself in colour
As like the Devil as a Collier:
As like as hypocrites in shew
Are to true Saints, or Crow to Crow.

Of Warlike Engines he was Author,
Devis'd for quick dispatch of slaughter;
The *Cannon*, *Blunderbus* and *Saker*,
He was th' Inventer of, and Maker:
The *Trumpet*, and the *Kettle Drum*,
Did both from his invention come.

He was first that e're did teach
To make, and how to stop a breach.
A Launce he bore with Iron-pike,
Th'one half would thrust, the other strike;
And when their forces he had joyn'd,
He scorn'd to turn his parts behind.

His *Trulla* lov'd, *Trulla* more bright
Then burnish'd Armour of her Knight:
A bold *Virago*, stout and tall,
As *Joan* of *France*, or *English Mall*.
Through Perils both of Wind and Limb,
Through thick and thin she follow'd him,
In ev'ry adventure h' undertook,
And never him or it forsook.
At breach of Wall, or hedge surprize;
Sh'shard in the hazzard, and the prize;
At beating quarters up, or forrage;
Behav'd her self with matchless courage;
And laid about in fight more busily,
Then th' *Amazonian* Dame, *Penthesile*.

And though some Creticks here cry shame,
And say our Authors are to blame,
That (spight of all Philosophers,
Who hold no females stout, but Bears,)
Make feeble Ladies, in their works,
To fight like *Termagants* and *Turks*;
To lay their Native Arms aside,
Their modesty, and ride a stride;

To

To run a tilt at men, and wield,
Their naked tools in open fields,
As stout *Arviida*, bold *Thalestris*,
And she that would have been the Mistress
Of *Gundibert*, but he had grace,
And rather took a Country Lass;
They say 'tis false, without all sense,
But of pernicious consequence
To Government, which they suppose
Can never be upheld in prose:
Strip Nature naked to the skin,
You'l find about her no such thing.
It may be so, yet what we tell
Of *Trulla*, that's improbable,
Shall be despos'd by those have seen't,
Or, what's as good produc'd in print,
And if they will not take our word,
We'l prove it true upon Record.

The upright *Cerdon* next advanc'd
Of all his Race the Valiant'st;
Cerdon the Great, renown'd in Song,
Like *Hercules*, for repair of wrong:
He rais'd the low, and fortify'd
The weak against the strongest side.
Ill as he read, that never hit
On him in Muses death-less writ:
He had a weapon keen and fierce,
That through a Bul-hide-shield would pierce,

And cut in a thousand pieces,
Thou tougher than the Knight of *Greece* is.
With whom his black-thum'd Ancestor
Was Comrade in the ten years war:
For when the restless *Greeks* sate down
So many years before *Troy* Town,
And were renown'd, as *Homer* writes,
For *well-sold-Boots*, no less than fights;
They ow'd that glory only to
His Ancestor, that made them so.
Fast friend he was to *Reformation*,
Until 'twas worn quite out of fashion.
Next Rectifier of Wry *Law*,
And would make three, to cure one flaw.
Learned he was, and could take note,
Transcribe, collect, translate and quote.
But *Preaching* was his chiefest Talent,
Or Argument, in which be'ng valiant,
He us'd to lay about, and stickle,
Like Ram or Bull at *Conventicle*:
For Disputants, like *Rams* and *Bulls*,
Do fight with *Arms* that springs from *Skulls*.

Last *Colon* came, bold man of war,
Destin'd to bows by fatal Star;
Right expert in command of Horse,
But cruel, and without remorse,
That which of *Centaure* long ago
Was fain and has been rested to

Some other Knights, was true of this,
He and his *Horse* was of a piece,
One Spirit did inform them both,
The self same vigor, fury, wroth:
Yet he was much the rougher part,
And alwayes had a harder heart:
Although his Horse had been of those
That fed on mans flesh, as fame goes.
Strange food for horse! and yet alas!
It may be true, for *flesh is grass*.
Sturdy he was, and no less able
Then *Hercules* to cleanse a table;
As great a Drover, and as great
A Crittick too in Hog or Neat:
He ripp'd the womb up of his Mother,
Dame *Tellus*, 'cause she wanted Fother,
And Provender, wherewith to feed
Himself, and his less cruel Steed.

It was a question, whether He,
Or's Horse were of a Family
More Worthipful: till Antiquaries,
(After th'had almost por'd out their eyes,)
Did very learnedly decide
The busines on the Horses side:
And prov'd not only Horse, but Cows,
Nay Piggs, were of the elder house:
For Beasts, when man was but a piece
Of earth himself, did th'earth possess,

These worthies were the Chiefs that led
The Combatants, each in the head
Of his Command, with Armes, and Rage,
Ready, and longing to engage.
The numerous Rabble was drawn out
Of several Countries round about;
From Villages remote, and Shires,
Of East and Western Hemisperes;
From foreign Parishes, and Regions,
Of different Manners, Speech, Religions,
Came men and Mastives; some to fight
For fame and honor, some for sight.
And now the field of Death. The Lists
Were entred by Antagonists,
And blood was ready to be broached;
When *Hudibras* in hast approached,
With Squire, and weapons to attack them:
But first thus from his *Horse* bespake them.

VVhat Rage, O Citizens, what fury,
Doth you to these dire actions hurry?
VVhat *Oestrum*, what phrenetick mood,
Makes you thus lavish of your blood?
VVhile the proud *Vies* your Trophies boast,
And unreveng'd walks ——— Ghost?
VVhat Towns, what Garisons might you
VVith hazard of this blood subdue,
VVhich now y'are bent to throw away
In vain, untriumphable fray?

Shall *Saints* in civil bloodshed wallow
Of *Saints*, and let the *Cause* lye fallow?
The *Cause*, for which we fought, and swore
So boldly, shall we now give o're?
Then because Quarrels still are seen
With Oaths and Swearing to begin,
The *Solemn League* and *Covenant*
Will seem a meer *God-dam-me* Rant;
And we that took it, and have fought,
As lewd as Drunkards that fell out,
For, as we make War *for the King*,
Against himself, the self-same thing,
Some will not stick to swear we do
For *God*, and for *Religion* too.
For if *Bear-baiting* we allow,
What good can *Reformation* do?
The blood and treasure that's laid out,
Is thrown away and goes for nought.
Are these the fruits o'th *Protestation*,
The Prototype of *Reformation*,
Which all the *Saints*, and some since *Martyrs*,
Wore in their Hats like Wedding garters,
When 'twas resolv'd by either house,
Six Members quarrel to espouse?
Did they for this draw down the Rabble,
With zeal, and noises formidable;
And make all *Cries* about the *Town*
Joyn throats to cry the *Bishops* down?
Who having round begirt the *Pallace*,
(As once a month they do the *Gallows*)

As Members gave the sign about,
Set up their throats with hideous shout,
When *Tinkers* bawl'd a loud to settle
Church discipline for patching *Kettle*.
No *Sow-gelder* did blow his Horn
To geld a Cat, but cry'd *Reform*.
The *Oyster-woman* lock'd their Fish up,
And trudg'd away to cry *No Bishop*.
The *Mouse-trap-men* laid *Save-alls* by,
And 'gainst *Ev'l Counsellors* did cry.
Betchers left old Cloaths in the lurch,
And fell to turn and patch the *Church*.
Some cry'd the *Covenant* instead
Of *Pudding-pies* and *Ginger-bread*;
And some for *broom, old boot and shooes*;
Cry'd out to *purge the Common House*.
Instead of *Chichin-stuff* some cry;
A *Gospel-preaching-Ministry*;
And some for *Old Sutes, Coats, Cloak*,
No *Surplices*, nor *Service-book*.
A strange harmonious inclination
Of all degrees to *Reformation*.
And is this all? is this the end
To which these *carr'ings on* did tend?
Hath *Publick Faith*, like a young Heir,
For this tak'n up all sorts of ware,
And run int' ev'ry Tradesmans book,
Till both turn'd bankrupts, and are broke?
Did *Saints* for this bring in their *Plate*,
And crowd as if they came too late?

For

For when they thought the *Cause* had need on't
Happy was he that could be rid on't.
Did they coyn *Piss-pots*, *Bowls*, and *Flagons*,
Int' Officers of Horse and Dragoons;
And into Pikes and Musketiers
Stamp *Beakers*, *Cups*, and *Porringers*?
A *Thimble*, *Bodkin*, and a *Spoon*,
Did strat up living men, as soon
As in the Furnace they were thrown,
Just like the *Dragons teeth* b'ing sown.
Then was the *Cause* all Gold and Plate,
The *Brethrens* Offrings consecrate,
Like the *Hebrew Calf*, and down before it,
The *Saints* fell prostrate, to adore it,
So say the *Wicked*----and will you
Make that Sarcasmus Scandal true,
By running after Dogs and Bears,
Beasts more unclean then Calves or Steers?
Have *Pow'rful Preachers* ply'd their tongues,
And *laid* themselves *out*, and their lungs;
Us'd all means, both direct, and sinister,
I'th' power of *Gospel-preaching Minister*?
Have they invented *Nones* to win
The *Woman*, and make them draw in
The *Man*, as *Indians* with a Female
Tame Elephant, inveil the Male?
Have they told *Prov'dence* what is most do,
Whom to avo'd, and whom to trust to?
Discover'd th' *Enemy's* Design,
And which way best to countermine,

Pre-

Prescrib'd what wayes it hath to work,
Or it will n're advance the *Kirk*;
Told it the *News* o'th last express,
And after good or bad success
Made Prayers not so like *Petitions*,
As *Overtures*, and *Propositions*,
(Such as the *Army* did present
To their Creator, th' *Parliament*)
In which they freely will confess,
They will not, cannot acquiesce,
Unless the *Work* be carry'd on,
In the same way they have begun,
By setting Church and Common-weal
All on a flame, bright as their zeal,
On which the *Saints* were all a-gog,
And all this for a *Bear* and *Dog*?

The Parliament drew up *Petitions*
To't self, and sent them like Commissions,
To *Well-affected* Persons, down,
In ev'ry City and great Town,
With power to levy Horse and Men,
Onely to bring them back again;
For this did many, many a Mile,
Ride manfully in Rank and File.
With *Papers* in their Hats, that show'd
As if they to the *Pillory* rode.
Have all these courses, these efforts,
Been try'd by people of all sorts,

Velis & Remis omnibus Nervis,
And all t'advance the *Cause*'s service?
And shall all now be thrown away,
In petulent intestine fray?
Shall we that in the *Cov'nant* swore,
Each man of us to run before
Another still in *Reformation*,
Give Dogs and Bears a dispensation?
How will *dissenting Brethren* relish it?
VVhat will *Malignants* say? *Videlicet*,
That each man swore to do his best,
To damn and perjure all the rest;
And bid *the Devil take the hindmost*,
VVhich at this Race is like to win most.
They'l say our business to *Reform*
The Church and State, is but a worm;
For to transcribe a Church invisible,
As we have sworn to do it is a Bull:
For when we swore to do it after
The best Reformed Churches that are,
VVhat did we else but make a vow
To do we know not what, nor how?
For no three of us will agree,
VVhere, or what Churches these should be.
And is indeed the self-same, case
VVith their that swore *Et Cetera's*;
Or the *French League*, in which men vow'd
To fight to the last drop of blood.
These slanders will be thrown upon
The *Cause* and *Work* we carry on,

If we permit men to run headlong
T'exorbitances fit for Bedlam,
Rather than *Gospel-walking* times,
When slightest sins are greatest Crimes;
But we the matter shall so handle,
As to remove that odious scandal.
In name of King and Parliament,
I charge ye all, no more foment
This feud, but keep the peace between
Your brethren, and your country-men;
And to those places straight repair,
Where your respective dwellings are.
But to that purpose first surrender
The *Fidler*, as the prime Offender,
Th' Incendiary vile, that is chief
Author and Engineer of mischief;
That makes division between friends,
For prophane and malignant ends.
He, and that Engine of vile noise,
On which illegally he plays,
Shall (*dictum factum*) both be *brought*
To condigne Punishment, as th' ought.
This must be done, and I would fain see
Mortal so sturdy, as to gainsay:
For then I'le take another course,
And soon reduce you all by force.
This said, he clapt his hand on Sword,
To shew he meant to keep his word.

But *Talgol*, who had long suppreſt
Enflamed wrath in glowing breaſt,
Which now began to rage and Burn as
Implacible as flame in Furnace,
Thus anſwered him. Thou Vermin wretched,
As e're in Meazel'd Pork was hatched;
Thou Tayle of Worſhip, that doſt grow
On Rump of Juſtice, as of Cow;
How dar'ſt thou with that ſullen Luggage,
O'thy ſelf, old Ir'n and other Baggage,
With which thy Steed of Bones and Leather,
Is lam'd and tir'd in halting hither;
How durſt th', I ſay, adventure thus
T' oppoſe thy Lumber againſt us?
Could thine Impertinence find out
No work t' employ it ſelf about,
Where thou ſecure from wooden blow
Thy buſie vanity might'ſt ſhow?
Was no diſpute a foot between
The *Caterwauling Brethren?*
No ſubtile Queſtion rais'd among
Thoſe *out-o'-ther-wits*, and thoſe i'th wrong?
No price between thoſe Combitants?
O'th'times, the Land and Water *Saints*;
Where thou might'ſt *ſtickle without hazzard*
Of outrage to thy hide and mazzard,
And not for want of buſ'neſs come
To us to be thus troubleſome,
To interrupt our better ſort
Of Diſputants and ſpoil our ſport?

Was

VVas there no Felony, no Baw'd,
Cut-purſe, nor *Burglary* abroad?
No *Stolen Pig*, nor *Plunder'd Gooſe*,
To tye thee up from breaking looſe?
No *Ale* unlicenc'd, broken hedge,
For which thou Statute might'ſt alledge,
To keep thee buſie from foul evil,
And ſhame due to thee from the Devil?
Did no Committee ſit, where he
Might cut out Journey-work for thee,
And ſet th'a task with ſubornation,
T'ſtitch up *Sale* and *Sequeſtration*;
To *cheat* with *Holineſs* and *Zeal*
All Parties, and the Common-weal?
Much better had it been for thee,
H'had kept thee where th'art us'd to be
Or ſent th'on bus'neſs any whether,
So he had never brought thee hither.
But if th'haſt *Brain* enough in *Skull*
To keep it ſelf in lodging whole,
And not provoke the rage of ſtones,
And Cudgels to thy Hide and bones:
Tremble, and vaniſh while thou may'ſt
VVhich I'le not promiſe if thou ſtay'ſt.

As this the *Knight* grew high in wroth,
And *lifting* hands *eyes up* both,
Three times he ſmote on ſtomach ſtout,
From whence at length theſe words broke out:

VVas

Was I for this entiled Sir,
And girt with trusty Sword and Spur,
For fame and honour to wage battel,
Thus to be brav'd by foe to Cattel?
Not all the pride that makes the swell
As big as thou dost blown-up Veal;
Nor all the tricks and slights to cheat,
And sell thy Carrion for good meat;
Not all thy Magick to repair
Decay'd old age in tough lean ware,
Turn Death of Nature to thy work,
And stop the Gangrene in stale Pork;
Not all that force that makes thee proud,
Because by *Bullock*, ne're withstood;
Though arm'd with all thy Clevers Knives,
And axes made to hew down lives;
Shall save or help thee to evade
The hand of Justice or this blade,
Which I her Sword-bearer do carry,
For civil Deed and Military.
Nor shall these words of venom base,
Which thou hast from their native place,
Thy stomach, pumb'd to sling on me,
Go unreveng'd, though I am free.
Thou down the same throat shall devour 'em,
Like tainted *Beef*, and pay dear for 'em.
Nor shall it e're be said, that weight
With Gantlet blew, and bases white,
And round blunt Dudgeon by his side,
So great a man at Arms defy'd.

With

With words far bitterer then VVormwood,
That would in *Job* or *Grizel* stir mood.
Dogs with their tongues, their wounds do heal;
But men with hands, as thou shalt feel.
This said, with hasty rage he snatch'd
His Gun-shot, that in Holsters watch'd;
And bending Cock, he level'd full
Against the outside of *Talgol*'s skull:
Vowing that he should ne're stir further,
Nor henceforth Cow or Bullock murther.
But *Pallace* came in shape of Rust,
An twixt the Spring and Hammer thrust
Her *Gorgon* shield, which made the Cock;
Stand stiff as 'tware transform'd to stock.
Mean while fierce *Talgol* gath'ring might,
With rugged Truncheon smote at *Knight*.
But he with Petronel up-heav'd,
Instead of shield, the blow receiv'd,
The Gun recoyl'd, as well it might,
Not us'd to such a kind of fight,
And shrunk from its great Masters gripe,
Knock'd down and stun'd with mortal stripe.
Then *Hudibras* with furious haste
Drew out his sword; yet not so fast,
But *Talgol* first with hardy thwack,
Twice bruis'd his head, and twice his back.
But when his rugged Sword was out,
VVith stumack huge he laid about,
Imprinting many a wound upon
His mortal foe the Truncheon.

The crusty Cud'gel did oppose
It self against dead doing blows,
To guard his Leader from fell bane,
And then reveng'd it self again.
And though the word (some understood)
In force had much the odds of wood;
'Twas nothing so, both sides were ballanc't
So equal; none knew which was valiant'st,
For wood with honour being engag'd,
Is so implacably enrag'd
Though Iron hew and mangle sore,
Wood wounds and bruises honour more.
And now both Knights were out of breath,
Tir'd in the hot pursuit of Death;
While all the rest amaz'd stood still,
Expecting which should take or kill.
This *Hudibras* observ'd, and fretting,
Conquest should be so long a getting.
He drew up all his force into
One Body, and that into one blow.
But *Talgol* wisely avoided it
By cunning slight; for had it hit,
The upper part of him, the blow
Had slit, as sure as that below.

But now fierce *Colon* 'gain drew on,
To aid the Distrest Champion.
Him *Ralph* encountred, and streight grew
A Dismal Combat 'twixt them two:

Th' one Arm'd with mettle, th'other wood,
This fit for bruise, and that for blood.
With many a stiff thwack, many a bang;
Hard Crabtree, and old Irong range:
While none that saw them could divine
To which side conquest would encline:
Until *Magnano*, who did envy
That two should with so many vye,
By subtle stratagem of brain,
Perform'd what force could ne're attain.
For he, by foul hap having found
Where Thistles grew on barren ground,
He clapt them underneath the tail
Of Steed, with pricks as sharp as nail.
The angry beast did straight resent,
And feel regret on fundament,
Begun to kick, and fling and wince,
As if h'had been beside his sense,
Striving to dis-engage from thistle,
That gall'd him sorely under his tail,
Instead of which, he threw the Pack
Of *Squire*, and baggage from his back;
And blundring still, with shattering Rump,
He gave the Knights Steed such a thump,
As made him reel. The Knight did stoop
And sate on further side aslop.
This *Talgol* viewing, who had now
By slight escap'd the fatal blow,
He rally'd, and again fell to't,
For catching foe by nearer foot,

He lifted with such might and strength,
As would have hurl'd him thrice his length,
And dash'd his brains (if any) out.
But *Mars* that still protects the stout,
In pudding time came to his aid,
And under him the *Bear* convey'd;
The *Bear* upon whose soft fur-gown,
The *Knight* with all his weight fell down,
The friendly Rug preserv'd the ground,
And headlong *Knight* from bruise or wounds,
Like Feather-bed betwixt a Wall,
And heavy brunt of Cannon-ball.
A *Sancho* on a blanket fell,
And had no hurt; ours far'd as well
In body, though his mighty spirit,
Being heavy, did not so well bear it;
The Bear was in a greater fright,
Beat down, and worsted by the *Knight*.
He roar'd and rag'd, and flung about,
To shake off bondage from his snout.
His wrath enflam'd, boyl'd o're, and from
His Jaws of Death he threw the foam,
Fury in stranger postures drew him,
And more then ever Heraild drew him.
He tore the Earth, which he had sav'd
From squelch of *Knight*, & storm'd, and rav'd;
And vext the more, because the harms
He felt, were 'gainst the *Law of Arms*;
For men he always took to be
His Friends, and Dogs the Enemy:

Who never ſo much hurt had done him
As his own ſide did falling on him.
It griev'd him to the guts, that they
For whom he had fought ſo many a fray,
And ſerv'd with loſs of blood ſo long,
Should offer ſuch inhumane wrong;
Wrong of unſouldier-like condition:
For which he flung down his Commiſſion,
And laid about him, till his noſe,
From thrall of ring and cord broke looſe,
Soon as he felt himſelf enlarg'd,
Through thickeſt of his Foes he charg'd
And made way through th'amaz'd crew.
Some he ore-ran, and ſome ore-threw,
But took none, for by haſty flight
He ſtrove t'eſcape purſute of *Knight*,
For whom he fled with as much haſte,
And Dread, as he the Rabble chas'd.
In haſt he fled, and ſo did they,
Each and his fear a ſev'ral way.

Crowdero onely kept the field,
Not ſtirring from the place he held,
Though beaten down and wounded ſore,
I'th' Fiddle, an a Leg that bore
One ſide of him, not that of bone,
But, much its better th' wooden one.
He ſpying *Hudibras* lye ſtrow'd
Upon the ground, like log of *wood*,

With fright of fall, ſuppoſed wound,
And loſt in Urine, caſt in ſwound,
In haſt he ſnatch'd the wooden limb
That hurt in th'ankle lay by him,
And lifting it for ſudden fight,
Straight drew it up, to fall on *Knight*.
For getting up on ſtump and huckle,
He with the foe began to buckle,
Vowing to be reveng'd for breach
Of Crowd, and skin upon the wretch
Sole Author of all Detriment
He and his Fiddle underwent,
But *Ralpho* (who had now begun
T'adventure reſurrection
From heavy ſquelch and had got up
Upon his legs, with ſprained Crup)
Looking about, beheld Pernition,
Approaching *Knight* from fell Muſician.
He ſnatch'd his whineard up, that fled,
When he was falling off his Steed
(As Rats do from a falling houſe)
To hide it from rage of blowes;
And wing'd with ſpeed and fury, flew
To reſcue *Knight* from black and blew
Which ere he could atchieve, his ſconce
The Skin encounter'd twice and once;
And now 'twas rais'd to ſmite agen,
When *Ralpho* thruſt himſelf between,
He took the blow on ſide and arm,
To ſhield the *Knight* entranc'd from harm:

And joyning wrath with force, bestow'd
On th'wooden member such a load,
That down it fell, and with it bore
Crodero, whom it prompt before.
To him the *Squire* light nimbly run,
And setting conquering foot upon
His Trunk, thus spoke: What *Desprate frenzie*
Made thee (thou Whelp of sin) to fancy
Thy self, and all that coward Rabble,
T'encounter us in Battle able?
How durst th', I say, oppose thy Curshipp?
'Gainst Armes, Authority and Worshipp?
And *Hudibras*, or me provoke,
Though all thy Limbs were heart of Oke,
And th'other half of thee as good
To bear out blows, as that of wood?
Could not the Whipping post prevail,
With all its Rhet'rick, nor the Gaol,
To keep from flaying scourge thy skin,
And Ankle free from Iron gin
Which now thou shalt---- but first our care,
Must see how *Hudibras* doth fare.
This said, he gently rais'd the *Knight*,
And set him on his bum upright:
To rouse him from Lethargick dump,
He tweak'd his Nose, with gentle thump,
Knock'd on his breast, as if't had been
To raise the spirits lodg'd within:
They wakened with the noise, did flye
From inward room to window eye,

And

And gently op'ning lid, the caſement,
Look'd out, but yet with ſome amazement.
This gladded *Ralpho* much to ſee,
Who thus beſpoke the *Knight*: quoth he,
Tweaking his noſe, You are, great Sir,
A *ſelf-denying* Conquerour;
As high, victorious, and great,
As e're fought for the Churches yet.
If you will give your ſelf but leave,
To make out what y' already have,
That's Victory. The Foe, for dread
Of your Nine worthineſs is fled,
All ſave *Crowdero*, for whoſe ſake
You did th' eſpous'd *Cauſe* undertake:
And he lyes Pris'ner at your feet,
To be diſpoſ'd as you think meet,
Either for Life, or Death, or Sale,
The Gallows, or perpetual Goal
For one wink of your pow'rful eye,
Muſt ſentence him to live or die.
His *Fiddle* is your proper purchaſe,
Won in the ſervice of the *Churches*;
And by your doom muſt be allow'd
To be, or be no more a *Crowd*.
For though ſucceſſe do not confer
Juſt Title on the Conquerer;
Though diſpenſations were not ſtrong;
Concluſions whether right or wrong;
Although *Out-goings* did not confirm,
And *Owning* were but a meer term:

Yet as the *Wicked* have no *Right*
To th'Creature, though uſurp'd by might
The property is in the Saint,
From whom th'injuriouſly detaint;
Of him they hold their Luxuries,
Their Dogs, their Horſes, VVhores and Dice,
Their Riots, Revels, Masks, Delights,
Pimps, Buffoons, Fidlers, Parasites:
All which the *Saints* have *Title* to,
And ought t'enjoy, if th'had their due.
VVhat we take from them, is no more
Than what was ours by right before,
For we are their true *Landlords* ſtill,
And they are Tenants but at will.

At this the *Knight* begun to rouſe,
And by degrees grow valarous.
He ſtar'd about and ſeeing none
Of all his Foes remain, but one
He ſnatch'd his weapon that lay near him,
And from the ground began to rear him;
Vowing to make *Crowdero* pay
For all the reſt that ran away.
But *Ralpho* now in colder blood,
His fury mildly this withſtood,
Great Sir, quoth he, your mighty ſpirit
Is rais'd too high, thus Slave does merit
To be the Hangmans buſ'neſs ſooner,
Than from your hand to have the honour

Of

Of his Deſtruction. I that am
A nothingneſs in Deed and Name,
Did ſcorn to hurt his forfeit Carcaſſe,
Or ill intreat his *Fiddle* or *Caſe*.
Will you great Sir, that Glory blot,
In cold blood which you gain'd in hot?
Will you imploy your conqu'ring Sword
To break a *Fiddle* and your word?
For though I fought, and overcame
And Quarter gave, 'twas in your name
For great Commanders always own
What's proſperous by the Soulder done.
To ſave where you have pow'r to kill,
Argues your pow'r above your will;
And that your will and pow'r have leſs
Then both might have of ſelfiſhneſs.
This pow'r which now alive with Dread
He trembles at, if he were Dead,
Would no more keep the ſlave in awe,
Then if you were a Knight of Straw.
For Death would then be his Conquerour,
Not you, and free him from that terror.
If Danger from his life accrew,
Or honour from his Death to you;
'Twere policy and honour too,
To do as you reſolv'd to do.
But ſir, 'twould wrong your Valour much,
To ſay it needs or fears a Crutch.
Great Conquerours greater glory gain
By foes in Triumph led, then ſlain,

The

The Lawrels that adorn their brows
Are pull'd from living, not dead bows,
And living foes, the greatest fame,
Or Cripple slain, can be but lame,
One half of him's all ready slain,
The other is not worth your pain.
Th'Honour can but on one side light,
As worship did, when y'were dub'd *Knight*.
Wherefore I think it better far,
To keep him Prisoner of War,
And let him fast in Bonds abide,
At *Court of Justice* to be try'd:
Where if h'appear'd so bold, or crafty,
There may be danger in his safety;
If a Member there dislike
His face, or to his beard have pike;
Or if his Death will save or yield,
Revenge, of fright, it is *Reveal'd*,
Though he has quarter, ne'retheless,
Y'have power to hang him when you please.
This hath been often done by some
Of our great Conquerours, you know whom:
And has by most of us been held
Wise Justice, and to some *reveal'd*.
For words and promises that yoke
The Conqueror, are quickly broke,
Like *Sampsons* Cuffs, though by his own
Direction, and advice put on,
For if we should fight for the Cause,
By Rules of Military Laws,

And

And only do what they call juſt,
The *Cauſe* would quickly fall to Duſt.
This we among our ſelves may ſpeak;
But to the *Wicked* or the *Weak*,
We muſt be curious to declare
Perfection-truths, ſuch as theſe are.

This ſaid, the high outragious mettle
Of *Knight* began to cool, and ſettle.
He lik'd the *Squire*'s advice and ſoon
Reſolv'd to ſee the buſ'neſs done:
And therefore charg'd him firſt to bind,
Crowdero's hands on Rump behind,
And to its former place, and uſe,
The wooden member to reduce:
But force it take an *Oath* before,
Nere to bear Arms againſt him more.

Ralpho diſpatch'd with ſpeedy haſt,
And having ty'd *Crowdero* faſt,
He gave Sir *Knight* the end of Cord,
To lead the Captive of his *Sword*
In triumph, while the Steeds he caught,
And them to further ſervice brought.
The *Squire* in ſtate rode on before,
And on his Nut-brown Whyniard bore
The Trophe-*Fiddle*, and the *Caſe*,
Leaning on ſhoulder, like a Mace.
The *Knight* himſelf did after ride,
Leading *Crowdero* by his ſide,

And

And tow'd him, if he lagg'd behind,
Like Boat against the Tide and Wind.
Thus grave and solemn they march on,
Until quite through the Town th'had gone.
At further end of which there stands
An antient Castle, that commands
Th'adjacent parts; in all the fabrick
You shall not see one stone nor a brick.
But all of wood, by pow'rful Spell
Of Magick made impregnable.
There's neither Iron-bar nor Gate:
Port-culis, Chain, or Bolt, or Grate:
And yet men durance there abide,
In Dungeon scarce three inches wide;
With Roof so low that under it
They never stand, but lie, or sit;
And yet so foul, that whoso is in,
Is to the middle-leg in Prison,
In Circle Magical confin'd,
With walls of subtile Air and Wind,
Which none are able to break through,
Until th'are freed by head of Burrough.
Thither arriv'd, the adven'rous *Knight*
And bold *Squire* from their Steeds alight,
At th'outward wall, near which there stands
A Bastile built t'imprison hands;
By strange enchantment made to fetter
The lesser parts and free the greater.
For though the body may creep through,
The hands in grate are fast enough.

And

And when a Circle 'bout the wriſt
Is made by Beadle Exorciſt,
The body feels the Spur and Switch,
As if 'twere ridden Poſt by 'Witch.
At twenty miles an hour pace
And yet ne're ſtirs out of the place:
On top of this there is a Spire,
On which ſir *Knight* firſt bids the *Squire*
The *Fiddle*, and it ſpoils, the *Caſe*,
In manner of a Trophee, place.
That done; they ope the trap-door-gate,
And let *Crowdero* down thereat,
Crowdero making doleful face,
Like Hermit poor in penſive place,
To Dungeon they the wretch commit,
And the Survivor of his feet:
But th' other, that had broke the peace,
And head of Knight-hood, they releaſe
Though a *Delinquent* falſe and forged
Yet b'ing a ſtranger, he's enlarged
While his Comrade, that did no hurt,
Is clapt up faſt in Priſon for't.

So Juſtice, while ſhe winks at Crimes,
Stumbles on Innocent ſometimes.

THE

THE ARGUMENT OF THE THIRD CANTO.

The ſcattered Rout return and rally,
Surrounded the place the Knight *does ſally,*
And is made Priſ'ner: them they ſeize
The enchanted Fort by Storm, releaſe
Crowdero, *and put the* Squire *in's place;*
I ſhould have firſt ſaid Hudibras.

CANTO III.

AY me! what perils do inviron
The man that meddles with cold Iron?
What plaugy miſchiefs, and miſhaps
Do dog him ſtill with after-claps?
For though *Dame Fortune* ſeem to ſmile,
And leere upon him for a while;
She'l after ſhew him in the nick
Of all his glorys, a Dog-trick,
This any man may ſing, or ſay,
I'th' Ditty, call'd, *What if a day.*
For *Hudibras*, who thought h'had won
The Field as ſure as a Gun,
And having routed the whole troop,
With Victory was Cock-a-hoop;

Thinking

Thinking h'had done enough to purchase
Thanks-giving-day among the *Churches*,
Wherein his Mettle and brave worth,
Might be explain'd by *Holder-forth*,
And regiſtr'd by fame eternal,
In Deathleſs Pages of *Diurnal*;
Found in few minutes, to his coſt
He did but *Count without his Hoſt*;
And that a *Turn-ſtile* is more certain,
Then in events of War, Dame Fortune.
For now, the late faint-hearted Rout,
O'rethrown and ſcatter'd round about,
Chac'd by the horrour of their fear
From bloody fray of *Knight* and *Bear*,
(All but the *Dogs* who in purſuit
Of the *Knight*'s victory ſtood to't
And moſt ignoble fought to get
The honour of his blood and ſweat)
Seeming the coaſt was free and clear
O'th' Conquer'd and the Conquerer,
Took heart of grace, and fac'd about,
As if they meant to ſtand it out:
For by this time, the routed *Bear*
Attaqu'd by th' Enemy i'th' Rear,
Finding their number grew too great
For him to make a ſafe retreat,
Like a bold Chieftain fac'd about,
But wiſely doubting to hold out,
Gave way to fortune, and with haſt
Fac'd the proud foe, and fled, and fac'd,

Re-

Retiring ſtill, until he found
H' got th' advantage of the ground:
And then as valiantly made head,
To check the Foe and forthwith fled;
Leaving no art untry'd, nor trick
Of Warriour ſtout and politick,
Until in ſpite of hot purſuit,
He gain'd a paſs to hold diſpute
On better terms and ſtop the courſe
Of the proud Foe. With all his force
He bravely charg'd and for a while
Forc'd their whole body to recoil:
But ſtill their numbers ſo increaſt,
He found himſelf at length oppreſt,
And all evaſions ſo uncertain,
To ſave himſelf for better fortune,
That he reſolv'd rather than yeild,
To die with honour in the field,
And ſell his hide and carkaſe at
A price as high and deſperate
As e're he cold. This reſolution
He forthwith put in execution,
And bravely threw himſelf among
The Enemy in the greateſt throng,
But what could ſingle valour do
Againſt ſo numerous a Foe?
Yet much he did, indeed too much
To be believ'd, where th' odds was ſuch:
But one againſt a multitude,
Is more than mortal can make good.

For while one party he oppos'd,
His Rear was suddenly enclos'd.
And no room left him for retreat,
Or fight against a foe so great.
For now the Mastives charging home
To blows and handy-gripes were come;
While manfully himself he bore,
And setting his right-foot before;
He rais'd himself, to shew him tall
His person was above them all.
This equal shame and envy stirr'd
In th'enemy, that one should beard
So many Warriers and so stout
As he had done, and stav'd it out;
Disdaining to lay down his Arms,
And yield on honourable terms,
Enraged thus some in the rear
Attack'd him, and some every where;
Till down he fell, yet falling fought,
And being down still laid about;
As *Widdrington* in doleful Dumps
Is said to fight upon his stumps.

But all, alas! had been in vain,
And he inevitably slain,
If *Trulla* and *Cerdon* in the nick
To rescue him, had not been quick,
For *Trulla* who was light of foot.
As shafts which long-field *Parthians* shoot;

(But not so light as to be born
Upon the ears of standing Corn,
Or trip it o're the water quicker
Then Witches when their staves they liquor,
As some report) was got among
The foremost of the Martial throng;
Where pittying the vanquish *Bear*;
She call'd to *Cardon*, who stood near
Viewing the bloody fight, to whom
Shall we (quoth she) stand still *hum drum*,
And see stout *Bruin* all alone
By numbers basely overthrown?
Such fears already h' has atchiev'd,
In story not to be believ'd.
And 'twould to us be shame enough
Not to attempt to fetch him off.

I would (quoth he) venture a Limb
To second thee, and rescue him:
But then we must about it streight,
Or else our aid will come too late.
Quarter he scorns, he is so stout,
And therefore cannot long hold out.
This said, they wav'd their weapons round
About their heads, to clear the ground:
And joyning forces laid about
So fiercely, that th' amazed rout
Turn'd tail again, and straight begun,
As if *the Devil drove*, to run.

Mean while th' approach'd the place where
Was now engaged to mortal raine: (*Bruine*,
The conquering Foe they soon assail'd:
First *Trulla* flav'd, and *Cerdon* tail'd,
Until the Mastives loos'd their hold;
And yet, alas! do what they could,
The worsted *Bear* came off with store
Of bloody wounds, but all before.
For as *Achilles* dipt in Pond,
Was *Anabaptiz'd* free from wound,
Made proof against dead-doing steel,
All over but the Pagan heel;
So did our Champions arms defend
All of him, but the other end,
His head and ears, which in the martial
Encounter lost a leathern parcel,
For as an *Austrian Archduke* once
Had one ear (which in *Ducatoons*
Is half a Coyn) in barrel par'd
Close to his head; so *Bruine* far'd:
But tugg'd and pull'd on th' other side,
Like *Scrivener* newly crucifi'd;
Or like the late corrected Leathern
Ears of the *circumcised brethren*.
But gentle *Trulla* into th' Ring
He wore in's Nose, convey'd a string,
With which she mareh't before and led
The Warriour to a gruffy bed,
As Authors write, in a cool shade,
Which Eglentine and Roses made,

Close

Close by a softly murm'ring Stream,
Where Lovers use to loll & dream.
There leaving him to his repose,
Secured from pursuit of Foes,
And wanting nothing but a Song,
And a well tun'd *Theorbo* hung
Upon a bough to ease the pain
His tugg'd ears suffer'd, with a strain.
They both drew up, to march in quest
Of his great Leader, and the rest.

For *Orsin* (who was more renown'd,
For stout maintaining of his ground,
In standing Fights, than for pursuit,
As being not so quick of foot)
Was not long able to keep pace
With others that pursu'd the Chase,
But found himself left far behind,
Both out of heart and out of wind;
Griev'd to behold his *Bear* pursu'd
So basely by a multitude,
And like to fall, not by the prowess,
But number of his coward Foes.
He rag'd and kept as heavy a coil as
Stout *Hercules* for loss of *Hylas*,
Forcing the Vallies to repeat
The accents of his sad regret.
He beat his breast, and tore his hair,
For loss of his dear crony *Bear*:

That Echo, from the hollow ground
His doleful wailings did resound
More wistfully, by many times,
Then in small Poets splay-foot rimes,
That make her in their ruthful stories,
To answer to interr'gatories,
And most unconsionably depose.
To things of which she nothing knows:
And when she hath said all she can say,
'Tis wrested to the lover's fancy.
Quoth he, O whether, wicked *Bruin*,
Art thou fled to my ---- Echo, *ruine*?
I thought th'hadst scorn'd to budge a step,
For fear, (Quoth Echo) *Marry guep*.
Am not I here to take thy part?
Then what has quail'd thy stubborn heart?
Have these bones rattled, and his head
So often in the quarrel bled?
Nor did I never winch or grudge it,
For my dear sake. (Quoth she) *Mum budget*:
Think'st thou 'twill not be laid i'th' dish,
Thou turn'dst thy back? Quoth Echo, *Pish*,
To turn from those th'hadst overcome
Thus cowardly? Quoth Echo, *Mum*.
But what a-vengeance makes the flie
From me too, as thine enemy?
Or if thou hast no thought of me,
Nor what I have indur'd for thee,
Yet shame and honour might prevail
To keep thee thus from turning tail;

For who would grutch to ſpend his blood in
His honor's cauſe? Quoth ſhe, a *Puddin*,
This ſaid, his grief to anger turn'd,
Which in his manly ſtomack burn'd;
Thirſt of Revenge, and wrath, in place
Of Sorrow now, began to blaze,
He vow'd the Authors of his woe
Should equal vengeance undergoe;
And with his bones and fleſh pay dear
For what he ſuffer'd and his Bear.
This b'ing reſolv'd, with equal ſpeed
And rage he haſted to proceed
To action ſtraight, and giving ore
To ſearch for *Bruin* any more,
He went in queſt of *Hudibras*,
To find him out where e're he was:
And if he were above ground, vow'd
He'd ferret him, lurk where he wou'd,

But ſcarce had he a furlong on,
This reſolute adventure gone.
When encount'r'd with that Crew
Whom *Hudibras* did late ſubdue,
Honor, Revenge, Contempt and Shame,
Did equally their breaſts inflame.
'Mong theſe the fierce *Magnano* was,
And *Talgol* foe to *Hudibras*;
Cardon and *Colon*, Warriors ſtout
And reſolute as ever fought;

Whom furious *Orsin* thus bespoke,
Shall we (quoth he) thus basely brook
The vile affront, that paultry Asse,
And feeble *Scoundrel Hudibras*,
With that more paultry *Ragamuffin*
Ralpho, with vapouring and huffing,
Have put upon us, like tame Cattel,
As if th' had routed us in battel?
For my part, it shall ne're be sed,
I for the washing gave my head:
Nor did I turn my back for fear
O'th' Rascals, but loss of my *Bear*,
Which now I'm like to undergo;
For whether these fell wounds or no,
He has receiv'd in fight are mortal,
Is more than all my skill can foretel,
Nor do I know what is become
Of him, *More then the Pope of Rome*.
But if I can but find them out
That caus'd it, (as I shall no doubt,
Where e're th' in hugger-mugger lurk)
I'le make them rue their handy-work;
And wish that they had rather dar'd
To pull the Devil by the beard.
Quoth *Cerdon*, Noble *Orsin*, th' hast
Great reason to do as thou say'st;
And so has every body here,
As well as thou hast, or thy *Bear*.
Others may do as they see good;
But if this twig be made of wood

That

That will hold tack, I'le make the Fur
Flie 'bout the ears of the old Cur,
And th' other mungrel Vermin, *Ralph*,
That brav'd us all in his behalf.
Thy Bear is safe and out of peril,
Though lugg'd indeed, and wounded very ill.
My self, and *Trulla* made a shift
To help him out at a dead lift,
And having brought him bravely off,
Have left him where hees safe enough.
There let him rest, for if we stay,
The Slaves may hap to get away.

This said, they all engag'd to joyn
Their Forces in the same Design:
And forthwith put themselves in search
Of *Hudibras* upon their march,
Where leave we them a while to tell
What the Victorious *Knight* befell:
For such *Crowdero* being fast
In Dungeon shut, we left him last.
Triumphant Laurels seem'd to grow
No where so green as on his brow:
Laden with which as well as tir'd
With conquering toyl he now retir'd
Unto a neighb'ring Castle by,
To rest his body, and apply
Fit Med'cines to each glorious bruise
He got in fight, *Reds*, *blacks* and *blews*;

To

To mollifie the uneasie pang
Of e'ry honourable bang.
Which b'ing by skilful *Midwife* dreſt,
He laid him down to take his reſt,
But all in vain. H' had got a hurt
O'th inſide; a deadlier ſort,
By Cupid made, who took his ſtand
Upon a widows joynture-land,
(For he, in all his amourous battels,
No 'dvantage finds like good and chattels
As now he did, and aiming right,
An arrow he let flie at *Knight*;
The ſhaft againſt a rib did glance,
And gall him in the *Purtenance*,
But time had ſomewhat ſwag'd his pain,
After he found his ſuit in vain.
For that proud Dame, for whom his ſoul
Was burnt in's belly like a coal.
(That belly, that ſo oft did ake,
And ſuffer griping for her ſake,
Till purging Comfits, and Ants eggs,
Had almoſt brought him off his legs)
Us'd him ſo like a baſe *Raſcallion*,
That Old *Pyg*, (what d' y' call him?) *malion*,
That cut his *Miſtreſs* out of ſtone,
Had not ſo hard-a-hearted one.
She had a thouſand jadiſh tricks:
Worſe then a *Mule* that flings and kicks;
'*Mong* which one croſs-grain'd freak ſhe had,
As inſolent, as ſtrange, and mad:

She could love none but only such
As scorn'd and hated her as much.
'Twas a strange Riddle of a Lady;
Not love, if any lov'd her? ha day!
So Cowards never use their might;
But against such as will not fight.
So some diseases have been found
Only to seize upon the sound.
He that gets her by heart, must say her
The back-way like a Witch's Prayer.
Mean while the *Knight* had no small task,
To compasse what he durst not ask.
He loves, but dares not make the motion;
Her *ignorance* is his *devotion*.
Like Caitiff vile, that for misdeed
Rides with his face to rump of Steed.
Or rowing Skull, he's fain to love,
Look one way and another move;
Or like a Tumbler that does play
His game and look another way,
Until he seize upon the Coney:
Just so does he by Matrimony.
But all in vain: her subtile snout
Did quickly wind his meaning out;
Which she return'd with too much scorn,
To be by man of honour born.
Yet much he bore, until the distresse
He suffer'd for his spightful Mistresse
Did stir his stomack, and the pain
He had endur'd from her disdain

Turn'd

Turn'd to regret, so resolute,
That he resolv'd to wave his suite,
And either to renounce her quite,
Or for a while play least in sight.
This resolution being put on,
He kept some months, and more had done,
But being brought so nigh by Fate,
The Victory he atchiev'd so late,
Did set his thoughts a-gog, and ope
A dore to discontinu'd hope.
That seem'd to promise he might win
His Dame too now his hand was in;
And that his Valour, and the honour
H' had newly gain'd, might work upon her.
These Reasons made his mouth to water
With amorous longings to be at her.
Quoth he unto himself, Who knows
But this brave Conquest o're my Foes
May teach her heart and make that stoop,
As I but now have fore'd the Troop?
If nothing can oppunge Love,
And Vertue envious wayes can prove,
What may not he conside to do,
That brings both love and vertue too?
But thou bring'st Valour too, and Wit,
Two things that seldom fail to hit.
Valour's a Mouse-trap, Wit a Gin,
Which Women oft are taken in.
Then *Hudibras*, why shouldst thou fear
To be, that art a Conqueror?

For-

Fortune th' audacious doth *juvare*
But let the timidious miscarry.
Then while the honour thou hast got
Is spick and span-new, piping hot,
Strike her up bravely, thou hadst best,
And trust thy fortune with the rest.
Such thoughts as these the *Knight* did keep,
More than his bangs, or fleas from sleep.
And as an Owl, that in a barn
Sees a mouse creeping in the corn,
Sits still, and shuts his round blew eyes,
As if he slept, until he spies
The little beast within his reach,
Then starts and seazes on the wretch:
So from his couch the *Knight* did start,
To seize upon the Widows heart,
Crying with hasty tone, and horse,
Ralpho, dispatch, to horse, to horse.
And 'twas but time, for now the Rout,
We left engag'd to seek him out,
By speedy marches were advanc'd
Up to the Fort where he ensconc'd,
And had all th' Avenues possest
About the Place, from East to West.
That done, a while they made a halt,
To view the ground, and where to assault:
Then call'd a Council, which was best,
By siege, or onslaught, to invest
The Enemy: and 'twas agreed,
By storm and onslaught to proceed.

This

This be'ng resolv'd, in comely sort;
They now drew up t'attack the fort.
When *Hudibras*, about to enter
Upon another gate's adventure,
To *Ralpho* call'd aloud to arm,
Not dreaming of approaching storm.
Whether Dame Fortune, or the care
Of Angel bad, or Tutelar,
Did arm, or thrust him on a danger,
To which he was an utter stranger;
That foresight might, or might not blot
The glory he had newly got;
Or to his shame it might be sed,
They took him napping in his bed:
To them we leave it to expound.
That deal in Sciences profound.
His Courser scarce he had bestrid,
And *Ralpho* that on which he rid;
When setting ope the Postern gate,
Which they thought best to sally at,
The Foe appear'd drawn up and drill'd,
Ready to charge them in the field.
This somewhat startl'd the bold *Knight*,
Surpriz'd with the unexpected sight.
The bruises of his bones and flesh
He thought began to smart a fresh:
Till recollecting wonted Courage,
His fear was soon converted to rage.
And those he spoke. The Coward Foe,
Whom we but now gave quarter to,

Look, yander's rally'd, and appears,
As if they had out run their fears.
The Glory we did lately get,
The fate commands us to repeat.
And to their wills we muſt ſuccumb,
Quocunque trahunt, 'tis our doom.
This is the ſame numerick Crew
Which we ſo lately did ſubdue,
The ſelf-ſame individuals that
Did run, as Mice do from a Cat.
When we couragiouſly did weild
Our martial weapons in the field,
To tug for Victory: and when
We ſhall our ſhining blades agen
Brandiſh in terrour o're our head,
They'l ſtraight reſume their wonted dread,
Fear is an Ague, that forſakes
And haunts by turns thoſe whom it takes,
And they'l opine they feel the pain
And blows, they felt to day, again.
Then let us boldly charge them home,
And make no doubt to overcome.

This ſaid, his Courage to enflame,
He call'd upon his *Miſtreſs* name.
His Piſtole next he cockt anew,
And out his nut-brown whineard drew,
And placing *Ralpho* in the front,
Reſerv'd himſelf to bear the brunt;

As expert Warriours us'd; then ply'd
With Iron heel his Courser's side,
Conveying simpathetick speed
From heel of *Knight* to heel of Steed.

Mean while the Foe with equal rage,
And speed, advancing to ingage,
Both Parties now were drawn so close,
Almost to come to handy-blows.
When *Orsin* first let flie a stone
At *Ralpho*; not so huge a one
As that which *Diomed* did maul
Æneas on the bum withal:
Yet big enough, if rightly hurl'd,
T' have sent him to another world;
Whether above ground or below,
Which *Saints twice dipt* are destin'd to.
The danger startled the bold *Squire*,
And made him some few steps retire,
But *Hudibras* advanc'd to's aid,
And rous'd his spirit half dismay'd.
He wisely doubting, lest the shot
Of th' Enemy now growing hot,
Might of a distance gall, prest close,
To come, pell-mell, to handy-blows;
And that he might their aim decline,
Advanc'd still in an oblique line;
But prudently forbore to fire,
Till breast to breast he had got nigher.

As expert Warriours use to do,
When hand to hand they charge the foe.
This order the adventerous *Knight*,
Most Souldier-like observ'd in fight)
When fortune (as she's wont) grew fickle,
And for the foe began to stickle.
The more shame for her Goody-ship,
To give so near a friend the slip.
For *Colon* chusing out a stone,
Levell'd so right, it chump'd upon
His manly paunch with such a force,
As almost beat him off his horse.
He loos'd his whinyard, and the reins;
But laying fast hold on the mane,
Preserv'd his seat: and as a Goose
In death contracts his talents close;
So did the *Knight*, and with one claw
The tricker of his Pistol drew,
The Gun went off: as if it was
Still fatal to stout *Hudibras*.
In all his fears of Arms, when least
He dreamt of it, to prosper best.
So now he fac'd: the shot let fly
At random 'mong the enemy,
Pierc'd *Talgol*'s Gabberdine, and grazing
Upon his shoulder, in the passing
Lodg'd in *Magnano*'s brass Habergeon,
Who straight a *Surgeon* cry'd, a *Surgeon*.
He tumbled down, and as he fell,
Did *Murther*, *murther*, *murther* yell.

This startled their whole body so,
That if the *Knight* had not let go
His arms, but been in warlike plight,
H'had won (the second time) the fight.
As *Ralpho* might; but he with care
Of *Hudibras* his hurt forbear,
To press th'advantage of his fortune,
While danger did the rest dishearten.
For he with *Cerdon* b'ing engag'd
In close encounter, they both wag'd
The fight so well, 'twas hard to say
Which side was like to get the day.
And now the busie work of death
Had tir'd them so, th' agreed to breath,
Preparing to renew the fight;
When the disaster of the *Knight*
And th'other party did divert
Their fell intent, and forc'd them part.
Ralpho prest up to *Hudibras*,
And *Cerdon* where *Magnano* was;
Each striving to confirm his party
With stout encouragements and hearty.
Quoth *Ralpho*, Courage, valiant Sir,
And let revenge and honour stir
Your spirits up, once more fall on,
The shatter'd foe begins to run:
For if but half so well you knew
To use your Victory as subdue,
They durst not after such a blow
As you have given them, face us now;

But from so formidable a souldier
Had fled like Crows when they smell Powder?
Thrice have they seen your sword aloft,
Wav'd o're their heads, and fled as oft.
But if you let them recollect
Their spirits, now dismay'd and checkt,
You'l have a harder game to play,
Then y'have had to get the day.

Thus spoke the stout *Squire*; but was heard
Of *Hudibras* with small regard.
His thoughts were fuller of the bang
He lately took, than *Ralph*'s harangues.
To which he answer'd, Cruel fate
Tells me thy counsel comes too late.
The knotted blood within my hose,
That from my wounded body flows,
With mortal *Crisis* doth portend
My dayes to appropinque an end.
I am for action now unfit,
Either of fortitude or wit.
Fortune my foe begins to frown,
Resolv'd to pull my stomack down.
I am not apt upon a wound,
Or trivial basting to despond:
Yet I'd be loath my dayes to curtal.
For if I thought my wounds not mortal,
Or that we'd time enough as yet
To make an honourable retreat,

'Twere the best course; but if they find
We flie, and leave our Arms behind,
For them to seize on, the dishonour
And danger too is such, I'le sooner
Stand to it boldly, and take quarter,
To let them see I am no starter.
In all the trade of War, no feat
Is nobler then a brave retreat.

This said, the *Squire* with active speed
Dismounted from his bonny Steed,
To seize the arms which by mischance
Fell from the bold *Knight* in a trance.
These being found out, and restor'd
To *Hudibras*, their natural Lore,
As a man may say, with might and main
He hasted to get up again.
Thrice he assay'd to mount aloft
But by his weighty bum as oft
He has pull'd back, till having found,
Th' advantage of the rising ground,
Thither he led with warlike steed,
And having plac'd him right with speed
Prepar'd again to scale the beast.
Whom *Orsin*, who had newly drest
The bloody scar upon the shoulder
Of *Talgol* with *Promethean* powder,
And now was searching for the shot
That laid *Magnano* on the spot,

Beheld the ſturdy *Squire* aforeſaid
Preparing to climb up his horſe-ſide.
He left his Cure, and laying hold
upon his Arms with courage bold
Cry'd out, 'Tis now no time to dally,
The enemy begins to rally:
Let us that are unhurt and hole
Fall on, and happy man be's dole.

This-ſaid, like to a thunderbolt
He flew with fury, to th' aſſault,
Striving the enemy to attack,
Before he reacht his horſe's back.
Ralpho was mounted now and gotten
O'rethwart his beaſt with active vaulting,
Wrigling his body to recover
His ſeat, and caſt his right leg over;
When *Orſin* ruſhing in, beſtow'd
On horſe and man ſo heavy a load,
The beaſt was ſtartled, and begun
To kick and fling like mad, and run,
Beating the tough *Squire* like a ſack,
Or ſtout King *Richard*, on his back:
Till ſtumbling he threw him down,
Sore bruis'd and caſt into a ſown.
Mean while the knight began to rouſe
The ſparkles of his wonted proweſs:
He thruſt his hand into his hoſe,
And found both by his eyes and noſe,

'Was only Choler, and not blood,
That from his wounded body flow'd,
This, with the hazard of the *Squire*,
Inflam'd with him despightful ire;
Couragiously he fac'd about,
And drew his other Pistol out,
And now had half way bent the Cock,
When *Cardon* gave so fierce a shock,
With sturdy truncheon, thwart his arm,
That down it fell, and did no harm;
Then stoutly pressing on with speed,
Aslay'd to pull him off his steed,
The *Knight* his Sword had only left,
With which he *Cerdon*'s head had left,
Or at the least crept off a limb,
But *Orsin* came and rescu'd him.
He with his Launce attak'd the *Knight*
Upon his quarters opposite.
But as a bark that in foul weather,
Toss'd by two adverse winds together,
Is bruis'd and beaten to and fro,
And knows not which to turn him to;
So far'd the *Knight* between two foes,
And knew not which of them t'oppose,
Till *Orsin* charging with his Launce
At *Hudibras* by spightful chance
His *Cerdon* such a bang, as stunn'd
And laid him flat upon the ground.
At this the *Knight* began to chear up,
And raising up himself on stirrup,

Cry'd

Cry'd out *Victoria*; lye thou there,
And I shall straight dispatch another,
To bear the company in death.
But first I'ld take a while and breath,
As well he might: for *Orsin* griev'd,
At the wound that *Cerdon* had receiv'd.
Ran to relieve him with his lore,
And cure the hurt he made before,
Mean while the *Knight* had weel'd about,
To breath himself, and next find out
Th' advantage of the ground where best
He might the ruffled foe infest.
This b'ing resolv'd he spur'd his steed,
To run at *Orsin* with full speed,
While he was busie in the care
Of *Cerdon*'s wound, and unaware:
But he was quick, and had already
Unto the part apply'd remedy;
And seeing th' enemy prepar'd,
Drew up, and stood upon his guard.
Then like a Warrior right expert
And skilful in the Martial Art.
The subtle *Knight* straight made a halt
And judg'd it best to stay th' assault,
Until he had reliev'd the *Squire*,
And then (in order) to retire;
Or as occasion should invite,
With forces joyn'd renew the fight.
Ralpho by this time disentranc'd,
Upon his Bum himself advanc'd.

Though sorely bruis'd, his limbs all o're
With ruthless bangs were stiff and sore,
Right fain he would have gone upon
His feet again, to get him gone:
When *Hudibras* to aid him came;

Quoth he (and call'd him by his name)
Courage, the day at length is ours,
And we once more as Conquerours,
Have both the field and honour won,
The Foe is profligate and run:
I mean all such as can, for some
This hand hath sent to their long home;
And some lye sprowling on the ground,
With many a gash, and bloody wound;
Cæsar himself could never say
He got two Victories in a day,
As I have done, that can say twice I,
In one day, *Veni, vidi, vici*,
The Foe's so numerous, that we
Cannot so often *vincere*
As they *perire*, and yet enough
Be left to strike an after-blow.
Then lest they rally, and once more
Put us to fight the busness o're,
Get up and mount thy Steed, dispatch,
And let us both their motions watch.

Quoth *Ralph*, I should not, if I were
In case of action, now be hear:

Nor

Nor have I turn'd my back, or hang'd
An arse for fear of being bang'd:
It was for you I got these harms,
Advent'ring to fetch off your Arms.
The blows and drubs I have receiv'd,
Have bruis'd my body, and bereav'd
My limbs of strength: unless you stoop,
And reach your hand to pull me up,
I shall lie near, and be a prey
To those who now are run away.

That thou should not (quoth *Hudibras*:)
We read, the Antients held it was
More honourable far *Servare*
Civem, then slay an adversary.
The one we oft to day have done;
The other shall dispatch anon.
And though th'art of different Church,
I will not leave thee in the lurch.

This said, he jogg'd his good Steed nigher,
And steer'd him gently toward the *Squire*;
Then bowing down his body, stretcht
His hand out, and at *Ralpho* reacht;
When *Trulla*, whom he did not mind,
Charg'd him like Lightening behind.
She had been long in search about
Magnano's wound, to find it out.
But could find none, nor where the shot
That had so startled him was got,

But

But having found the worſt was paſt,
She fell to her own work at laſt,
The Pillage of the Priſoners,
Which in all feats of Arms was hers:
And now to plunder *Ralph* ſhe flew,
When *Hudibras* his hard fate drew
To ſuccour him; for as he bow'd
To help him up, ſhe laid a load
Of blows ſo heavy, and plac'd ſo well,
On th' other ſide, that down he fell.

Yield, *Scoundrel* baſs (quoth ſhe) or dye;
Thy life is mine, and liberty:
But if thou think'ſt I took the tardy,
And dar'ſt preſume to be ſo hardy,
To try thy fortune o're a freſh,
I'le wave my title to thy fleſh,
Thy arms and baggage, now my right,
And if thou hadſt the heart to try't,
I'le lend thee back thy ſelf a while,
And once more for that Carcaſe vile
Fight upon tick---quoth *Hudibras*,
Thou offer'ſt nobly valiant Laſs,
And I ſhall take thee at thy word,
Firſt let me riſe, and take my ſword;
That ſword, which has ſo oft this day,
Through Squandrons of my foes made way,
And ſome to other worlds diſpatcht,
Now with a feeble Spinſter matcht,

Will

Will blush with blood ignoble stain'd,
By which no honour's to be gain'd.
But if thou'lt take m' advice in this,
Consider while thou may'st, what 'tis
To interrupt a Victor's course,
B' oppoſing ſuch a trivial force.
For if with Conqueſt I come off,
(And that I ſhall do ſure enough)
Quarter thou canſt not have, nor grace,
By Law of Arms in ſuch a caſe;
Both which I now do offer freely.

I ſcorn (Quoth ſhe) thou Coxcomb ſilly,
(Clapping her hand upon her breech,
To ſhew how much ſhe priz'd his ſpeech)
Quarter or counſel from a foe:
If thou canſt force me to it, do,
But leaſt it ſhould again be ſed,
When I have once more wore thy head,
I took thee napping, unprepar'd,
Arm, and betake thee to thy guard.

This ſaid, ſhe to her tackle fell,
And on the *Knight* let fall a peal
Of blows ſo fierce and preſt ſo home,
That he retir'd, and follow'd's bum.
Stand to't quoth ſhe, or yield to mercy,
It is not fighting *Arſic verſie*
Shall ſerve thy turn --- this ſtirr'd his ſpleen
More then the danger he was in,

The

The blows he felt or was to feel,
Although th' already made him reel.
Honour, despight, revenge and shame,
At once unto his stomach came;
Which fir'd it so, he rais'd his arm
Above his head, and rain'd a storm
Of blows so terrible and thick,
As if he meant to hash her quick.
But she upon her truncheon took them,
And by oblique diversion broke them;
Waiting an opportunity
To pay all back with usury.
Which long she fail'd not of, for now
The *Knight* with one dead-doing blow,
Resolving to decide the fight,
And she with quick and cunning slight
Avoiding it, the force and weight
He charg'd upon it was so great,
As almost sway'd him to the ground.
No sooner she th' advantage found,
But in she flew, and seconding
With home-made thrust the heavy swing,
She laid him flat upon his side:
And mounting on his trunk a-stride,
Quoth she, I told thee what would come
Of all thy vapouring, base Scum.
Shall I have quarter now? you Ruffin;
Or wilt thou be worse than thy buffin? (thou
Thou saidst th' would kill me, marry would'st
Why dost thou not, thou *Jack a-nods* thou?

Why

Why doſt not put me to the ſword?
But cowardly flie from thy word?

Quoth *Hudibras*, the day's thine own;
Thou and thy ſtars have caſt me down.
My Laurels are tranſplanted now,
And flouriſh on thy conquering brow,
My loſs of honour's great enough,
Thou needs not brand it with a ſcoff:
Sarcaſmes may eclipſe thine own,
But cannot blur my loſt renown;
I am not now in Fortunes power;
He that is down can fall no lower.
The antient *Heroes* were illuſtrious,
For being benign, and not bluſtrous,
Againſt a vanquiſht foe: their ſwords
Were ſharp and trenchant, not their words;
And did in fight but cut work out
T'employ their courteſies about.

Quoth ſhe, although thou haſt deſerv'd,
Baſe *Slubberdegullion*, to be ſerv'd
As thou didſt vow to deal with me,
If thou hadſt got the victory;
Yet I ſhall rather act a part
That ſuits my fame, than thy deſert,
Thy arms, thy liberty beſide
All that's on th' outſide of thy hide,
Are mine by Military Law,
Of which I will not bate on ſtraw:

The

The reſt, thy life and limbs once more,
Though doubly forfeit, I reſtore.

Quoth *Hudibras*, it is too late
For me to treat, or ſtipulate:
What thou command'ſt I muſt obey:
Yet thoſe whom I expung'd to day,
Of thine own party, I let go,
And gave them life and freedom too,
Both *Dogs* and *Bear*, upon their parol,
Whom I took priſ'ners in this quarrel.

Quoth *Trulla*, Whether thou or they
Let one another run away,
Concerns not me; but was not thou
That gave *Crowdero* quarter too?
Crowdero, whom Irons bound,
Thou baſely threw'ſt into *Lobs Pound*:
Where ſtill he lies, and with regret
His generous bowels, rage and fret.
But now thy Carkaſe ſhall redeem,
And ſerve to be exchange for him.

This ſaid, the *Knight* did ſtrait ſubmit,
And laid his weapons at her feet.
Next he diſ-rob'd his Gaberdine,
And with it did himſelf reſign.

She took it, and forthwith divesting
The mantle that she wore, said jesting,
Take that and wear it for my sake;
Than threw it o're his sturdy back.

And as the *French* we conquer'd once,
Now give us Laws for Pantaloons,
The length of *Breeches* and the Gather,
Port-canons, Perriwigs, and Feathers,
Just so the proud insulting Lass
Array'd and dighted *Hudibras*.

Mean while the other Champions, yerst
In hurry of the fight dispersst,
Arriv'd, when *Trulla'd* won the day,
To share in th'honour, and the prey,
And out of *Hudibras* his hide,
With vengeance to be satisfi'd;
Which now they were about to pour
Upon him a wooden shower.
But *Trulla* thrust her self between,
And striding o're his back agen,
She brandisht o're her head his sword,
And vow'd they should not break her word;
Sh'had giv'n him quarter, and her blood
Or theirs, should make that quarter good.
For she was bound by Law of arms,
To see him safe from further harms,

In

In Dungeon deep *Crowdero* caſt,
By *Hudibras*, as yet lay faſt,
Where, to the hard and ruthleſs ſtones,
His great heart made perpetual mones.
Him ſhe reſolv'd that *Hudibras*
Should ranſome, and ſupply his place.

This ſtopt their fury, and the baſting
Which toward *Hudibras* was haſting.
They thought it was but juſt and right,
That which ſhe had atchiev'd in fight,
She ſhould diſpoſe of how ſhe pleas'd;
Crowdero ought to be releas'd;
Nor could that any way be done
So well as this ſhe pitcht upon:
For who a better could imagine?
This therefore they reſolv'd t'engage in.

The *Knight* and *Squire* firſt they made
Riſe from the *ground* where they were laid;
Then mounted both upon their Horſes,
But with their faces to the *Arſes*,
Orſin led *Hudibras* his beaſt,
And *Talgol* that which *Ralpho* preſt,
Whom ſtout *Magnano*, valiant *Cordon*,
And *Colon* waited as a Guard on,
All uſh'ring *Trulla*, in the Rear,
With th' Arms of either Priſoner.

In this proud order and array
They put themselves upon their way,
Striving to reach th' *Enchanted Castle*,
Where stout *Crowdero* in durance lay still,
Thither with greater speed, than showre
And triumphs over conquer'd Foes,
Do use t' allow, or then the *Beats*,
Or *Pageants* born before *Lord Mayors*,
Are wont to use, they soon arriv'd,
In order Souldier-like contriv'd,
Still marching in a warlike posture,
As fit for battel, as for mostes,
The *Knight* and *Squire* they first unhorse,
And bending 'gainst the fort their force,
They all advanc'd, and round about
Begirt the *Magical Redoubt*,
Magnan' led up in this adventure,
And made way for the rest to enter.
For he was skilful in *Black Art*,
No less than he that builds the Fort;
And with an Iron Mace laid flat
A breach, which sought all enter'd at,
And in the Wooden Dungeon found
Crowdero laid upon the ground;
Him they release from durance base,
Restor'd t' his *Fiddle*, and his *Case*,
And liberty, his thrifty rage
With lushious vengeance to assuage.
For he no sooner was at large,
But *Trulla* strait brought on her charge;

And in the self-same *Limbo* put
The *Knight*, and *Squire*, where he was shut.
Where leaving them in the *Hockly i' th' Hole*,
Their bangs, and durance to condole,
Confin'd, and conjur'd into narrow
Enchanted Mansion, to know sorrow;
In the same order and array
Which they advanc'd they marcht away.

But *Hudibras*, who scorn'd to stoop
To Fortune, or be said to droop,
Cheer'd up himself with ends of Verse,
And sayings of Philosophers;
Quoth he, Th' one half of man, his mind,
Is *Sui juris*, unconfin'd,
And cannot be laid by the heels,
Whate're the other moity feels.
'Tis not restraint, or liberty,
That makes men Prisoners, or free,
But perturbation that possess
The mind or Æquanimities.
The whole world was not half so wide
To *Alexander*, when he cry'd
Because he had but one to subdue,
As was a paultry narrow Tub to
Diogenes, who is not read,
(For ought that ever I could read)
To whine, put finger i'th' eye and sob,
Because h'had ne're another Tub.

The *Antients* make two several kinds
Of prowess in heroick minds,
The *Active*, and the *Passive* valiant;
Both which are *pari libra* gallant:
For both to give blows, and to carry,
In fights are eque necessary;
But in Defeats, the Passive stout,
Are alwayes found to stand it out
Most desp'rately, and to out-do
The active 'gainst a conqu'ring Foe.
Though we with blacks and blews are suggill'd,
Or as the vulgar say, are *Cudgell'd*;
He that is valiant, and dares fight,
Though drub'd, can lose no honour by't.
Honour's *a leaf for time to come*,
And cannot be extended from
The legal tenant: 'tis a Chattel,
Not to be forfeited in battel.
If he that is in battel slain,
Be in the bed of Honour lain;
He that is beaten, may be said,
To lie in Honour's truckle-bed.
For as we see th' eclipsed Sun,
By mortals is more gaz'd upon,
Then when adorn'd with all his light,
He shines in serene Sky most bright;
So valour in a low estate
Is most admir'd, and wonder'd at.

Quoth *Ralph*, How great I do not know,
We may by being beaten grow;
But none that see how here we sit,
Will judge us over-grown with wit,
As *Gifted-Brethren* Preaching by
A *Carnal Hour-glass* do imply
Illumina can convey
Into them what they have to say,
But not how much-c so well enough
Know you to charge, but not draw off,
For who, without a *Cap* and *Bauble*,
Having subdu'd a *Bear* and *Rabble*,
And might with honour have come off,
Would put it to a second proof;
A politick Exploit, right fit
For *Presbyterian Zeal*, and wit.

Quoth *Hudibras*, That Cuckow's tone,
Ralpho, thou alwayes hurp'st upon:
When thou at any thing would'st rail,
Thou mak'st *Presbytery* thy scale
To take the height on's, and explain
To what degree it is prophane.
Whats'ever will not with thy (*What d'y call*)
Thy *Light* jumpt right, thou call'st *Synodical*.
As if *Presbytery* were a standard
To size whats'ever's to be slander'd
Dost not remember, how this day,
Thou to my beard wast bold to say,

That

That thou could'st prove bear-baring equal
With *Synods*, O thodox, and Legal?
Do if thou canst, for I deny't;
And dare thee to't, with all thy Light.

Quoth *Ralpho*, truly that is no
Hard matter for a man to do,
That has but any guts in's brains,
And could believe it worth his pains.
But since you dare, and urge me to it,
You'l find I've Light enough to do it.

Synods are mystical bear-gardens,
Where Elders *Deputies* Church-wardens
And other Members of the Court,
Manage the *babylonish* sport.
For Prolocutor, Scribe, and Bearward,
Do differ only in a meer word,
Both are but sev'ral Synagogues
Of Carnal Men, and Bears, and Dogs:
Both Antichristian *Assemblies*,
To mischief bent, as far's in them lies;
Both stave, and tail with fierce contests,
The one with men, the other beasts.
The difference is, the one fights with
The tongue, the other with the teeth;
And that they bait but bears in this,
In th' other souls and Consciences;
Where Saints themselves are brought to stake,
For Gospel-light and Conscience sake;

Expos'd to *Scribes* and *Presbyters*,
Instead of *Mastive-Dogs* and *Curs*;
Then whom th' have lés humanity,
For these at souls of men will flie:
This to the *Prophet* did appear,
Who in a Vision saw a *Bear*,
Prefiguring the beastly rage
Of *Church-rule* in this latter age:
As is demonstrated at full
By him that baited the *Popes Bull*.
Bears naturally are beasts of Prey,
That live by rapine so do they.
What are their *Orders*, *Constitutions*,
Church-censures, *Curses*; *Absolutions*,
But sev'ral mystick chains they make,
To tye poor Christians to the stake?
And then set heathen Officers,
Instead of Dogs, about their ears,
For to prohibit and dispence,
To find out or to make offence,
Of hell and heaven to dispose,
To play with souls at fast and loose:
To set what Characters they please,
And mulcts on sin or godliness,
Reduce the Church to *Gospel-Order*,
by *Rapine*, *Sacriledge*, and *Murther*
To make *Presbytery* supream,
And *Kings* themselves submit to them;
And force all people, though against
Their *Consciences* to turn *Saints*,

Mast

Muſt prove a pretty thriving trade,
When *Saints* Monopoliſts are made.
When *Pious* frauds, and *holy* ſhifts,
Are *Diſpenſations*, and *Gifts*;
There *Godlineſs* becomes mere ware,
And ev'ry *Synod* but a Fair.

Synods are Whelps of th' *Inquiſition*
A mungrel breed of like pernition.
And growing up, became the Sires
Of *Scribes*, *Commiſſioners*, and *Triers*:
Whoſe bus'neſs is, by cunning ſleight,
To caſt a figure for mens *Light*:
To find in lines of beard, and face,
The Phyſiognomy of *grace*;
And by the ſound, and *twang of Noſe*,
If all be *ſound* within diſcloſe,
Free from a crack, or flaw of ſinning,
As men try *Pipkins* by the ringing.
By *Black Caps*; underlaid with *White*,
Give certain gueſs at inward *Light*,
Which *Serjeants at the Goſpel* were,
To make the *Spiritual Calling* clear.
The *Hand-kercher* about the Neck,
(Canonical *Crabat* or *Sarsk*,
From whom the inſtitution came
When Church and State they ſet on flame,
And worn by them, as badges then
Of *Spiritual Warfaring* men)

Judge rightly if Regeneration
Be of the newest cut in fashion.
Sure 'tis an Orthodox opinion,
That *grace is founded in dominion.*
Great *piety* consists in pride;
To rule, is too be sanctifi'd:
To domineer, and to controul,
Both o're the body and the soul,
Is the most perfect *Discipline*
Of Church-rule, and by *right Divine.*
Bell, and the Dragon's Chaplains were
Moderate than these by far:
For they (poor Knaves) were glad to cheat,
To get their Wives and Children meat;
But these will not be fobb'd off so,
They must have wealth and power too,
Or else with blood, and desolation,
They'l tear it out o'th' heart o'th' Nation.

Sure these themselves from Primitive,
And heathen Priesthood do derive.
When butchers were the oly *Clerks*,
Elders, and Presbyters of *Kirks*,
Whose *Directory* was to kill;
And some believe it is so still.
The only difference is, that then
They slaughter'd only *beasts*, now men.
For then to sacrifice a bullock,
Or now and then a Child to *Molock*,

They count a vile Abomination,
But not to slaughter a whole *Nation*:
Presbytery does but translate
The Papacy to a *Free state*;
A *Common-wealth* of Popery,
Where ev'ry Village is a *See*,
As well as *Rome*, and must maintain.
A *Tith-Pig*-Metropolitan:
Where every Presbyter, and Deacon,
Commands the Keys for cheese and bacon;
A ev'ry Hamlet's governed
By's Holiness, the Church's head,
More haughty, and severe in's place,
Then *Gregory, and Boniface*.
Such Church must (surely) be a Monster
With many heads: for if we conster
What in the *Apocalyps* we find,
According to th' apostle's mind,
'Tis that the Whore of *Babylon*
With many Heads did ride upon.
Which Heads denote the sinful tribe
Of Deacon, Priest, Lay-Elder, Scribe,
Lay-Elder, *Simeon* to *Levi*,
Whose little fingers is as heavy
As loyns of Patriarchs, Prince-prelate,
And bishop-secular. This Zealot
Is of a mungrel, diverse kind,
Clerick before, and Lay behind;
A lawless *Linsie Woolsie* brother,
Half of one Order, half another:

A Creature of amphibious nature,
On land a beast, a fish in water;
That always preys on grace, or sin;
A Sheep without, a *Wolf* within.
This fierce Inquisitor hath chief
Dominion over mens belief,
And manners; can pronounce a *Saint*
Idolatrous, or Ignorant,
When superciliously he sifts
Through coursest boulter others *Gifts*.
For all men live, and judge amiss,
Whose *Talents* jump not just with his.
He'l lay on *gifts* with hands, and place
On dullest Noddle, *Light*, and *Grace*,
The Manufacture of the *Kirk*,
Whose pastors are but th' handy-work
Of his Mechanick Paws, instilling
Divinity in them by feeling.
From whence they start up *chosen Vessels*;
Made by Contract, as men get *Measels*.
So *Cardinals*, they say, do grope
At th'other end the new-made *Pope*.

Hold, hold, quoth *Hudibras*, *Soft Fire*,
They say, *does make sweet Mault*, good *Squire*,
Festina lente; not too fast,
For *haste* (the Proverb sayes) *makes waste*.
The quirks and cavils thou dost make
Are false, and built upon mistake.

And

And I shall bring you, with your pack
Of *Fallacies*, t' *Elenchi* back;
And put your arguments in mood
And figure, to be understood.
I'le force you by right ratiocination
To leave your *Vitiligation*,
And make you keep to t' question close,
And argue *Dialectice*.

The Question then, to state it first,
Is which is *better*, or which *worst*,
Synods or *bears*, *bears* I avow
To be the worst, and *Synods* thou.
But to make good th' assertion,
Thou say'st th' are really *all one*.
If so, not *worst*; for if th' are *idem*,
Why that *Tantundem dat tantidem*.
For if they are the same, by course
Neither is *better*, neither *worse*.
But I deny they are the same,
More then a *Maggot* and I am.
That both are *Animalia*,
I grant, but not *Rationalia*:
For though they do agree in kind,
Specifick difference we find,
And can no more make *bears* of these,
Then prove *my Horse is Socrates*.

That *Synods* are *bear-gardens* too,
Thou dost affirm, but I say no.

And

And thus I prove it, in a word,
Whats'ever *Assembly's* not impow'rd
To *censure*, *curse*, and *ordain*,
Can he no *Lynods*: but *Bear-Garden*
Has no such pow'r *Ergo*, 'tis none,
And so thy Sophistry's o'rethrown.

But yet we are beside the Question
Which thou didst raise the first Contest on;
For that was, whether *Bears* are better
Than *Synod-men*; I say *Negatur*.
That *Bears* are *Beasts*, and *Synods Men*,
Is held by all: they'r better then
For *Bears* and *Dogs* on *four leggs* go,
As beasts, but *Synodmen* on *two*.
'Tis true, they have a's *teeth* and *nails*;
But prove that *Synod-men* have *tails*;
Or that a rugged, shaggy *Fur*
Grows o're the hyde of *Presbyter*;
Or that his *snout*, and *spacious ears*,
Do hold proportion with a Bear's
A Bear's a savage beast, of all
Most ugly, and unnatural,
Whelpt without form, until the Dam
Have lickt him into shape and frame:
But all thy *Light* can ne're swift,
That ever *Synod-men* was *lickt*;
Or brought to any other fashion,
Than his own will, and inclination.

But

But thou dost further yet in this
Oppugne thy self, and sense, that is,
Thou would'st have Prebyters to go
For *bears* and *dogs*, and *bearwards* too.
A strange *Chimera* of beasts and men,
Made up of pieces Heterogene,
Such as in nature never met
In eodem subjecto yet.

Thy other Arguments are all
Supposures, hypothetical,
That do but beg, and we may chuse
Either to grant them, or refuse.
Much thou hast said, which I know when,
And where, thou stol'st from other men,
(whereby 'ts plain, thy light, and gifts,
Are all but plagary shifts;
And is the same that Ranter sed,
That arguing with me, broke my head,
And tore a handful of my beard,
The self-same Cavils then I heard,
When b'ing in hot dispute about
This Controversie we fell out;
And what thou know'st I answer'd then,
Will serve to answer thee agen.

Quoth *Ralpho*, Nothing but the abuse
Of *Humane Learning* you produce;
Learning that Cockwoo of the brain,
Profane, Erroneous, and vain;

A trade of knowledge as replear
As others are with fraud and cheat;
An art t' incumbent *Gifts*, and Wit,
And render both for nothing fit:
Makes light unactive, dull, and troubled,
Like little *David* in *Saul's* doublet,
A cheat that Scholars put upon
Other mens reason, and their own;
A Fort of Errour, to ensconce
Absurdity, and ignorance;
That renders all the avenues
To truth impervious and abstruse,
By making plain things in debate,
By art, perplext, and intricate:
For nothing goes for sence, or light,
That will not with old rules jump right;
As if Rules were not in the Schools
Deriv'd from truth, but truth from Rules.

This *Pagan, Heathenish Invention*,
Is good for nothing but Contention,
For as in sword and buckler fight,
All blows do on the target light:
So when men argue, the great'st part
Of th' Contest falls on terms of art,
Until the fustian stuff be spent,
And then they fall to th' Argument.

Quoth *Hudibras*, Friend *Ralph*, thou hast
Out-run the Constable at last;

For

For thou art fallen on a new
Diſpute, as ſenſleſs, and untrue;
But to the former oppoſite,
And *contrary* as *black to white*;
More *Diſprate*, that concerning
Presbytery, this, *Humane Learning*;
Two things ſ' adverſe, they never yet
But in thy rambling fancy met.
But I ſhall take a fit occaſion
T' evince thee by Ratiocination,
Some other time, in place more proper
Than this w'are in: therefore let's ſtop here:
And reſt our wearied bones a while:
Already tir'd with other toyl.

FINIS.